

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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Let's  
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*finest fruit squash*

JEWELRY & BROWN LTD. MANCHESTER 12

\* FINE QUALITY SOAPS

*Morphy*  
OF REGENT ST. LONDON

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'Are you a **POLLYGAMIST?**'

A POLLYGAMIST is a man who is wedded to 'Polly'

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Apollinaris NATURAL SPARKLING WATER—BOTTLED AT THE SPRING.

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BEER AT ITS BEST

## TENNENT'S LAGER

ENJOYED THE WORLD O'ER

J. & R. TENNENT LTD WELLPARK, BREWERY GLASGOW



By Appointment Cyder makers to  
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI THE LATE QUEEN MARY  
William Gaymer & Son Ltd. Aylesbury & London



## Gaymer's CYDER

*Preferred by people of good taste*

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

## CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.



THE LANGUAGE OF THE FAN

Cussons

SIXTH OF SERIES



HOLDING a fan with the little finger extended means "Goodbye". This is an 18th century Chinese fan, hand painted on chicken skin showing figures with dresses

painted on silk and birds made of feather. Carved ivory mount. Colour photograph by courtesy of J. Duvelleroy, reproduced for your pleasure by the makers of

Cussons  
**IMPERIAL LEATHER**

TOILET SOAP



LUXURY  
 THAT LASTS

Booklet "The Language of the Fan" available on request to  
 CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W1



## AUGUST

## THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS

Some try to do it by standing on one leg and wiggling their spare foot about in the sea. Then they hop, ponderously, a yard or two inland and thrust the foot thus purified into a sock. Provided they do not lose their balance they are soon half-shod. But now they face the even more delicate problem of removing the sand from their remaining toes without wetting the foot which they have just accoutred. A ballet dancer could do it, an acrobat could do it on his head. The average holiday-maker fails.

A more sultanic technique is favoured by those who send small children to fetch water in their little buckets. These citizens carry out their ablutions in comparative comfort; but the buckets represent what planners call an administrative bottleneck, and sometimes, when the tide is out and the children are fractious, this formula will not work. Even when it does, there are still deposits to be removed from between the children's toes. We are a maritime nation, the heirs of Drake and Frobisher and Nelson. The sea, we are often loosely but emphatically told, is in our blood. How is it that, down the centuries, we have never evolved a satisfactory method of extricating ourselves from this small predicament? Of what flaw in our national character is this failure a symptom? No one knows, and regrettably few care.



The Midland Bank prides itself on the help it gives to its customers. Yet it confesses with regret that, among all the many services which the Bank provides for holiday-makers, there is none which solves this riddle of the sands.

MIDLAND BANK



GREEK FISHERMAN by Nicholas Egon.

No. 3 in a series of advertisements showing the work of contemporary artists.

A BIG NAME IN THE CHEMICAL WORLD

**Brotherton**

One of the world's largest manufacturers of hydrosulphites, liquid sulphur dioxide and hexamine. Makers of an extensive range of Metachrome dyes for dyeing wool in all its forms.

Brotherton & Co. Ltd., City Chambers, Leeds, 1. Also at Manchester, Glasgow and London.

Works at Birmingham, Wakefield and Birkenhead.



FOR EVER

Barker  
& DobsonCAMEO  
CHOCOLATES  
REGAL  
FRUIT DROPS

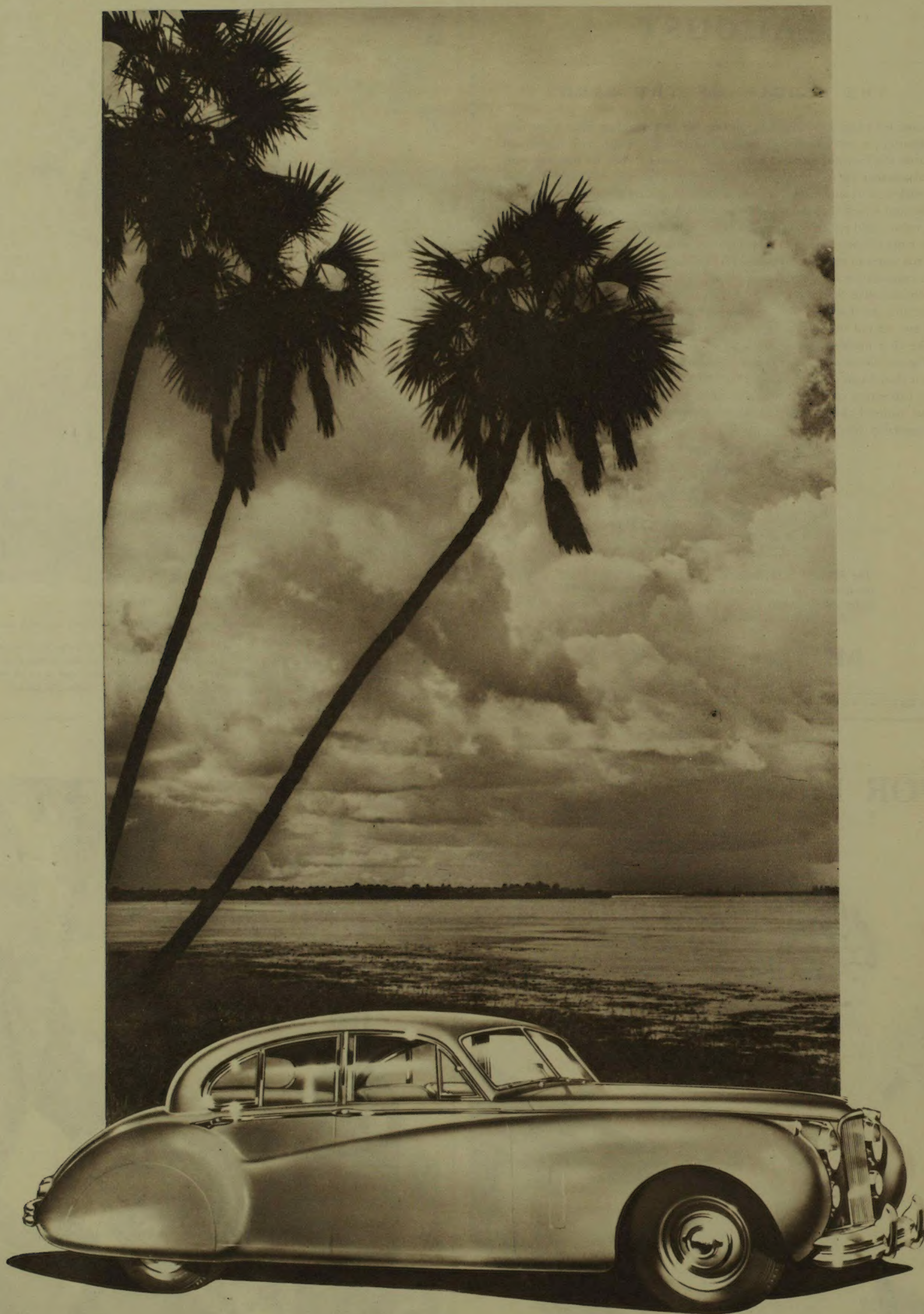
MAKERS OF FINER CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY SINCE 1834

Glayva  
SCOTCH LIQUEUR

A sight to gladden the heart of man!

RONALD MORRISON &amp; CO. LTD. EDINBURGH





*Grace...Space...Pace....* **JAGUAR**

The finest car of its class in the world



(EST)  
1790

*The King  
of Whiskies*

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)

# SANDEMAN SCOTCH WHISKY

Blended in Edinburgh from  
specially selected fine whiskies  
under the same family pro-  
prietorship since 1790.

SANDEMAN & SONS LTD  
25 & 27 Forth Street,  
EDINBURGH



## TO WOMEN— about BANKING

We would not offer advice  
on the fine points of  
women's part in house-  
management—but it is in  
our province to suggest  
that housekeeping is made easier with a banking account.



Many women keep an additional "House Account"  
for housekeeping purposes alone. You may not need  
two bank accounts, but we do suggest you make full  
use of one; let National Provincial Bank look after  
your financial records and leave more of your time  
free for those things with which we cannot help.

## NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Head Office: 15 BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

*NPB*  
for service

**Firestone**  
**TYRES**  
consistently good

TENSION-DRIED, GUM-DIPPED RAYON CORD MAKES **Firestone**  
**THE STRONGEST AND LONGEST WEARING TYRES**  
YOU CAN BUY

Fit **Firestone LEAKPROOF** TUBES—they cost no more!





*This is the range  
 for which  
 there is an  
 overwhelming  
 demand*



**FORD POPULAR**

**£275**

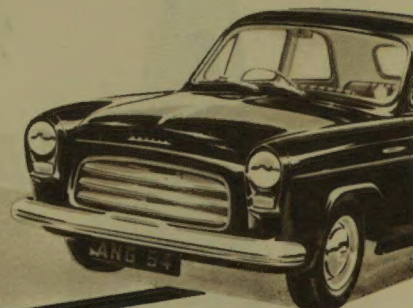
PLUS P.T. £115.14.2



**NEW ANGLIA**

**£360**

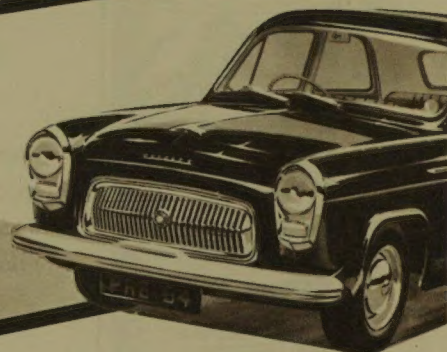
PLUS P.T. £151.2.6



**NEW PREFECT**

**£395**

PLUS P.T. £165.14.2



**CONSUL**

**£470**

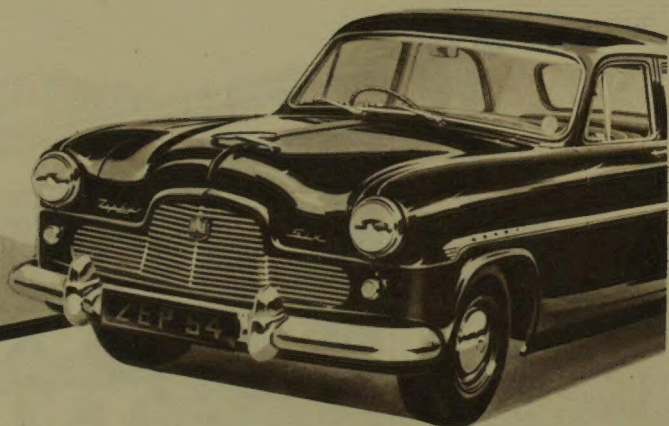
PLUS P.T. £196.19.2



**ZEPHYR**

**£532**

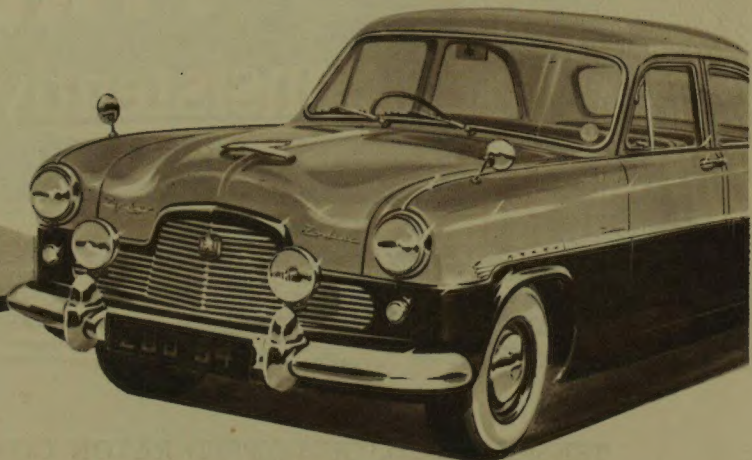
PLUS P.T. £222.15.10



**ZODIAC**

**£600**

PLUS P.T. £251.2.6



**Ford** '5-Star' motoring — the best at lowest cost

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · DAGENHAM



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1954.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S DEPARTURE FOR HIS TOUR OF CANADA: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN LEAVING THE AIRCRAFT AFTER SAYING GOOD-BYE TO HER HUSBAND, WHO IS SEEN AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS.

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, in a transport plane of the Royal Canadian Air Force, left Tangmere R.A.F. Station, Sussex, on the evening of July 28 for Ottawa on the first stage of his three-weeks tour of Canada. H.M. the Queen went aboard to say good-bye to her husband, and shook hands with Wing-Commander B. H. A. Morrison, the captain of the aircraft, and the crew of fourteen. During the tour his Royal Highness had arranged to call at Chalk River to visit the atomic energy plant, and at Rivers to inspect the Air Training Centre, arriving at Victoria on August 2. On August 3 he had arranged to

visit the Kemano-Kitimat power project; and the following day to attend the British Empire Games at Vancouver. After four days at the Games he is scheduled to visit Whitehorse, in the Yukon, Fort Nelson, Fort Simpson, Port Radium, Coppermine, Yellowknife, in the North-West Territories; and Fort Churchill, on Hudson's Bay. He is due on board the Royal yacht *Britannia* at Goose Bay on August 15, after stopping at Quebec, sailing on August 17 for Scotland. The Royal Canadian Navy has announced that the cruiser *Quebec* and the destroyer *Micmac* will escort *Britannia* across the Atlantic.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

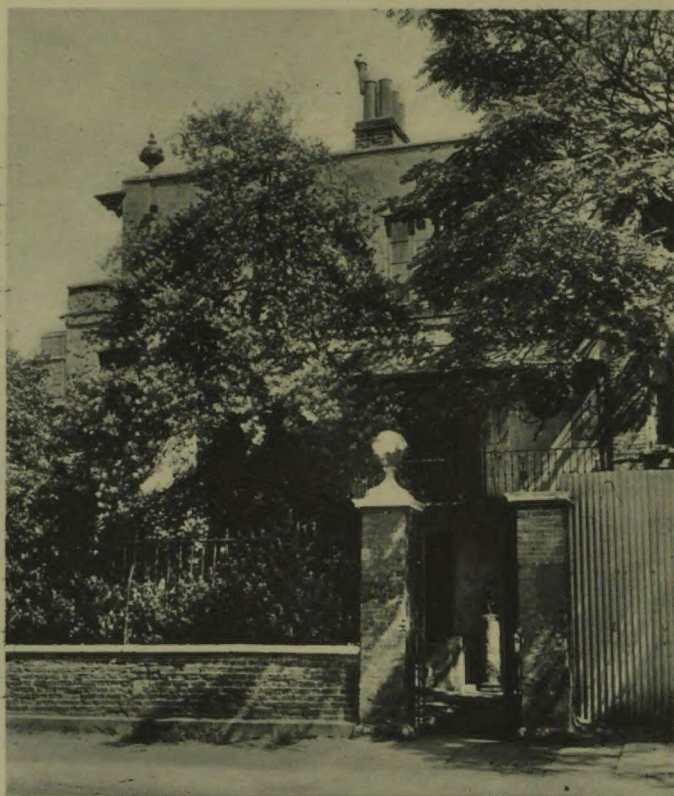
WHETHER there is such a thing in this world as Progress—that global Progress with a big P in which our fathers so ardently believed—it is hard to say. The idea that in spite of the inevitable physical defeat and death of every individual man and woman, mankind, as a whole, is growing nobler, wiser and more potent to control its destiny is one which appeals strongly to modern minds. It was the popular philosophy so well represented by writers like Shaw and Wells, in which almost the whole of the present generation in this country and America grew up. But it has received an unpleasant setback in the past forty years, and an atomic war, if it occurs, will almost certainly deal it its death-blow, or at least extinguish it for many centuries. Personally, I find the Christian philosophy that prevailed during the Middle Ages a great deal more realistic, for it explains the inescapable facts of life—death, pain, misfortune, the frailty, folly and evil of human nature—far more rationally and convincingly than the simple, breezy, complacent, head-in-air doctrine of up-and-up-and-up and on-and-on-and-on!! It puts the struggle between right and wrong, good and evil, courage and sloth where it really belongs, in the individual consciousness and conduct, and not in the airy realm of the abstract. But whether the Progressive is right or the Christian, one thing at least seems clear. That if there is such a thing as the upward Progress of mankind on earth, that upward process is not continuous, and that any upward, or apparent upward, surge of civilisation is always followed by a retrogression or trough of decay and subsequent barbarism.

It is hard to escape the conclusion that we have been living during the past half or quarter of a century on the downward curve of such a trough. Whether it is only a small, temporary trough soon to be succeeded by an upward wave, or whether it is the initial decline towards a far deeper and more prolonged slide of mankind towards the abyss—comparable to that which occurred in the centuries that followed the decay and collapse of the Roman Empire—time alone can show. One hopes that it is only the former, but to a historian acquainted with what happened in the fourth century after Christ, the signs are disquieting. History does not, however, repeat itself; it merely illustrates the same unchanging moral and physical truths in different ways. We, too, like those doomed citizens of imperial Rome, are familiar with the sickening phenomena of a vulgar and materialistic contempt for spiritual values, a financial system progressively based on ever-accumulating debt—the real *raison d'être* of the later mediæval horror of usury, born of the Church's corporate memory of what happened to the old Roman Empire—of a vicious and indiscriminating system of taxation destroying all effort and enterprise, of the degrading catch-penny social philosophy of "bread and circuses," of the deadening tyranny of an unimaginative rule-of-thumb bureaucracy invested with unchecked powers over a passive society that despises all true creation and aristocracy; the subjection, in any other words, of the best to the mediocre, the contrary of Nature's law, and, therefore, condemned by Nature's inexorable logic. If we mark the warning of past historical experience, we can correct these flaws in our civilisation, so full otherwise of promise, and we can probably still do so in time. But whether we shall do so is another matter.

At the moment, certainly, we show little sign of doing so—not even in this country, the repository of the least broken tradition of civilisation in Europe. Every year there is a quickening in the pace of destruction of

civilised values and of the material heritage of civilisation by those who should be its guardians, but have never learnt to realise what it is and in what it consists. Almost every day my post-bag contains some moving and—in view of the impotence of those with the knowledge to wish to save against those with the statutory power to destroy—rather pathetic appeals for help against some new bureaucratic ukase against some hallowed and beautiful legacy of the past. One of the latest concerns the public-spirited effort being made to avert the destruction by the local Borough Council of one of the few remaining historic and beautiful houses left in Fulham—once one of the most charming places in England, but to-day, I am afraid, owing to the appalling building legacy of the nineteenth century, a sprawling, ugly and depressingly uninspiring urban area. It is not the fault of its Borough Council that Fulham to-day is full of drab, mean houses; it is the fault of the get-rich-quick-at-all-costs economic philosophy of the nineteenth century, against which many members of its Borough Council have spent their public life in protest. But the tragedy of the nineteenth-century industrial sprawl has been intensified in the twentieth century by the indifference of those bred in its hideous conditions to the values which it destroyed and of which their own ancestors—peasants and craftsmen—were so acutely aware. Nothing is more saddening to an English historian than the contrast between the passionate and, alas, disregarded pleas of poor artisans for the preservation of local and familiar beauties in the latter eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries, and the contemptuous attitude of the all-powerful representatives of their descendants towards the preservation of any kind of beauty at all. Nearly always material utility seems to be the latter's sole measure of public good. A park is a waste of space, a tree a potential danger and nuisance, a beautiful and historic house the encumberer of a building-site. To-day it is not the capitalist speculator and jerry-builder who is the enemy of beauty in our land; it is, too often, the borough councillor and the salaried servant of the public.

Yet even allowing for this—and it is easy to explain, tragic though its consequences are—it is hard to understand how anyone nursed in the historic tradition of English Socialism can want to pull down The Grange in North End Crescent. For it was here that in 1867 the young artist, Edward Burne-Jones, came to live with his wife and family, and it was here that his friend William Morris came every Sunday on his way to preach Socialism in the open air on Walham Green and Eelbrook Common and on the crowded street corners of Fulham. So much that was generous and fine and that helped to ensure a happier and freer life to unborn millions, was associated in the 'seventies and 'eighties with this house, and with the society of liberal-minded artists, social reformers and men of letters who frequented it. There are many reasons why it should be saved: its own beauty, its garden and the opportunities for wise planning it offers in an area sadly lacking in open spaces, the fact that, as the home of Samuel Richardson, the father of the English and European novel, it saw the birth of that writer's three famous and germinating works, "Pamela," "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison." But to anyone acquainted with the history of British Socialism—and how few, in these days of its triumph, seem to be—the most appealing reason for the old house's preservation is surely the memory of that brave, bearded figure in the reefer jacket and those gatherings of earnest friends in the elm-shaded garden out of which so much that has helped to change industrial Britain was born!



SUBJECT OF A PUBLIC INQUIRY AS TO WHETHER IT SHOULD BE DEMOLISHED OR PRESERVED: THE GRANGE, FULHAM, WHICH IS RICH IN LITERARY, ARTISTIC AND HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS.

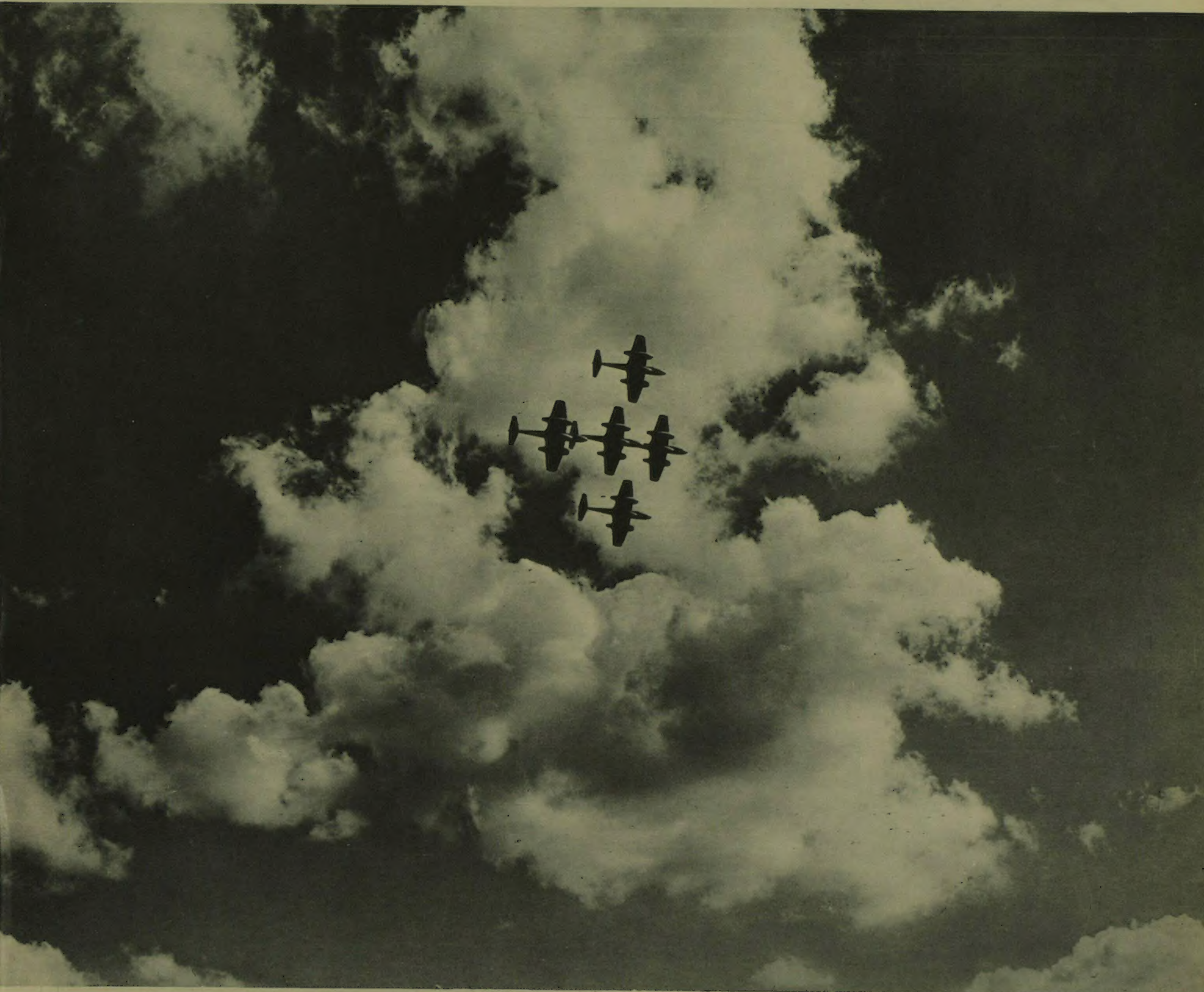


IN A SENSE THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL: THE GRANGE, FULHAM, SHOWING A VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE BACK OF THE HOUSE. IN THE GARDEN THERE IS A STUDIO WHICH WAS ERECTED BY BURNE-JONES.

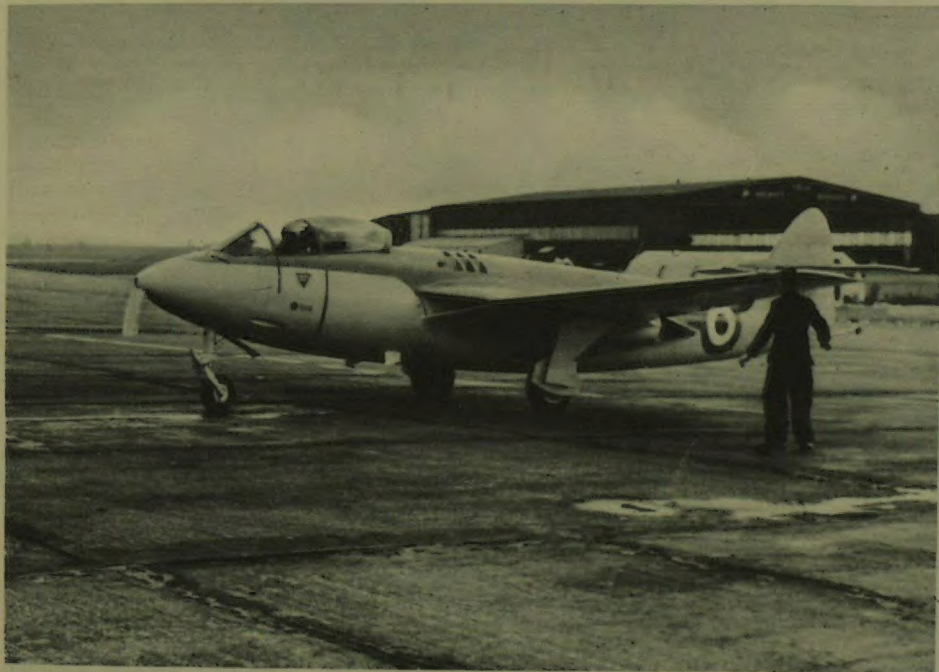
In "Our Note Book" on this page, Sir Arthur Bryant discusses the future of The Grange, Fulham, two photographs of which we show above. The house, which was built in 1713, was the country home of Samuel Richardson, who composed most of his novels in it and generally spent his week-ends there. A later occupier was Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the artist, who erected a studio in the garden, and whose friend William Morris was a frequent visitor. On July 13 a public inquiry was held at Fulham Town Hall about the future of the house, now Nos. 38 and 40, North End Crescent, which is owned by Fulham Borough Council, who decided, two years ago, that the house should be demolished to make way for blocks of Council flats. Vigorous protests led to the Minister of Housing and Local Government issuing an order last April for the preservation of the house. The recent inquiry was for the purpose of hearing objections by the Borough Council and others to the making of the order. A number of distinguished witnesses, including Lord Faringdon, Mr. Ernest Raymond and Mr. John Betjeman, spoke in support of the preservation order.



## JET FIGHTERS HIGH OVER "ENGLAND", AND A NEW AIR RECORD.



ENGLAND'S SHIELD: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF A FORMATION OF METEORS AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF CLOUDS WHICH BEAR A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO A MAP OF ENGLAND. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN DURING A DISPLAY AT A MEETING NATIONAL DE L'AIR AT VALENCIENNES. (Photograph reproduced by courtesy of "Flight.")



LANDING AT BOVINGDON AIRFIELD AFTER CREATING A NEW AIR SPEED RECORD: A ROYAL NAVY HAWKER SEA HAWK JET FIGHTER.

On July 29 a Royal Navy Hawker Sea Hawk FB3 fighter established a new air speed record by flying from London to Amsterdam, a distance of 223.98 miles, in 23 mins. 39.7 secs., at an average speed of 568 m.p.h. The aircraft, the Navy's latest type of standard jet fighter, was flown by Lieutenant J. R. F. Overbury, aged twenty-eight, an Admiralty test pilot, who is stationed at Boscombe Downs Experimental Station.



HANDING OUT A TIME-CHECK CLOCK ON ARRIVAL AT BOVINGDON FROM AMSTERDAM: LIEUTENANT J. R. F. OVERBURY, PILOT OF THE RECORD-BREAKING NAVAL JET FIGHTER.



## THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN AGREEMENT ON THE WITHDRAWAL OF BRITISH TROOPS FROM THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE.



(LEFT.)  
SHAKING HANDS  
AFTER INITIALLING  
THE SUEZ CANAL  
AGREEMENT IN  
CAIRO: MR. ANTONY  
HEAD, MINISTER OF  
WAR (LEFT), AND THE  
PRIME MINISTER OF  
EGYPT, COLONEL  
GAMAL ABDEL  
NASSER.



(RIGHT.)  
INITIALLING THE  
AGREEMENT BY  
WHICH BRITISH  
TROOPS WILL WITH-  
DRAW FROM THE  
CANAL ZONE WITHIN  
TWENTY MONTHS:  
MAJOR-GEN. E. BEN-  
SON, CHIEF OF STAFF,  
G.H.Q., M.E.L.F., WITH  
SIR RALPH STEVENSON  
(RIGHT), BRITISH  
AMBASSADOR TO  
EGYPT.

ON July 27 an agreement was initialled in Cairo between Britain and Egypt by which British troops would be withdrawn from the Suez Canal Zone within twenty months. The agreement, now to be negotiated, was initialled by Mr. Antony Head, Minister of War, and Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, Egyptian Prime Minister. It is to last for seven years from the date of signature and will provide for immediate re-militarisation of the base in the event of an attack by an outside Power upon any Arab League State or upon Turkey. After the withdrawal of troops Egypt will assume responsibility for the security of the base and its equipment, which will be maintained by civilians. In the House of Commons on July 29 the Government secured approval of this agreement by 257 votes to 26. During the debate Mr. Eden said: "I want to say plainly to Egypt that we are going to enter into this new era with real determination to try and make it succeed, and that if they try to do the same with us they will find reciprocity and understanding here."



THE SCENE IN THE GOVERNMENT REST-HOUSE AT THE FOOT OF THE PYRAMIDS, CAIRO, AS COLONEL NASSER INITIALS THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN AGREEMENT. MR. HEAD, WITH SIR RALPH STEVENSON NEXT TO HIM, IS SEATED AT THE TOP LEFT OF THE TABLE.



CELEBRATING THE AGREEMENT IN CAIRO: A MAN WAVING A PAIR OF SHOTGUNS AMIDST CHEERING AND HAPPY CROWDS. LATER, THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT BANNED SUCH DEMONSTRATIONS.



CALLING ON PRESIDENT NEGUIB (RIGHT) TO INFORM HIM OF THE AGREEMENT: THE EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER, COL. NASSER (LEFT), AND COL. HASSAN IBRAHIM.





THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN AGREEMENT ON THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE: A MAP SHOWING THE AREA (SHADED) OCCUPIED BY BRITISH TROOPS, WHO ARE NOW TO BE WITHDRAWN WITHIN TWENTY MONTHS.

The Anglo-Egyptian Agreement on the Suez Canal Zone, initialled in Cairo on July 27 and reported elsewhere in this issue, will "recognise that the Suez Maritime Canal, which is an integral part of Egypt, is a waterway economically, commercially and strategically of international importance, and will express the determination of both parties to uphold the 1888 Convention guaranteeing the freedom of navigation of the canal." The Suez Canal is 101 miles long, connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. Its minimum width is 197 ft. at a depth of 33 ft., and its depth permits the passage of vessels up to a 34-ft. draught. In 1854 the French engineer Ferdinand de Lesseps obtained a concession

authorising him to form the Suez Canal Company, which came into being four years later. The Canal was first opened for navigation on November 17, 1869. The concession provides that the Canal reverts to the Egyptian Government at the end of ninety-nine years, i.e., in 1968. It is owned by an Egyptian Stock Company in which the British Government holds 353,504 shares out of a total of 800,000; and is governed by a board of 32 directors, of whom 16 are French, 9 British, 5 Egyptian, 1 American and 1 Dutch. Under the twenty-year Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936, Britain is allowed to station troops in the Canal Zone. Under the new agreement these are to be withdrawn within twenty months.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



## THE ALAMEIN MEMORIAL, THE L.C.C.'S NEW SCHOOL, AND OTHER ITEMS.



KIDBROOKE SCHOOL, THE L.C.C.'S NEW COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, NEAR SHOOTERS HILL ROAD, GREENWICH: ONE OF THE MAIN FRONTAGES.



A MODEL SHOWING THE COMPLETE LAYOUT OF THE L.C.C.'S NEW KIDBROOKE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. THE ARCHITECT IS MR. CHARLES PIKE, OF MESSRS. SLATER, UREN AND PIKE. The L.C.C.'s new comprehensive school for girls, Kidbrooke School, is to open in September this year. It is built on a sloping site of nearly ten acres and includes an assembly hall to seat nearly 1500, a library and reading rooms, five gymnasia, laboratories, studios, housecraft flats, and practical rooms for needlework, crafts, cookery and commercial subjects, in addition to classrooms. The large assembly hall has a shell concrete roof, one of few in Europe and needing no supporting pillars. The long stretches of building façade are varied by the use of different building materials, facing bricks, wood and coloured tiles. Most of the teaching area is in three three-storey blocks; and there is a large modern kitchen, for school meals, in the northern long block.



THE R.S.M. SALUTES THE OLD COLOUR WITH DRAWN SWORD—WHEN THE 1ST BN. THE ROYAL LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT RECEIVED NEW COLOURS.

On July 27, at Iserlohn, Germany, Lieut.-General Sir Colin Callander presented new Colours to the 1st Bn., The Royal Leicestershire Regiment. The old Colours, which were laid up, were those of the now-suspended 2nd Bn., as the Colours of the 1st Bn. were lost in Malaya. The incident we show is interesting: the R.S.M. has just handed over the old Queen's Colour for its last parade and he salutes with the drawn sword, the only time at any parade at which he so salutes.



AT THE NAVAL REVIEW WHICH FOLLOWED THE N.A.T.O. MEDITERRANEAN EXERCISE: LORD MOUNTBATTEN IN H.M.S. SURPRISE.

Elsewhere in this issue we report the Mediterranean Exercise "Medflex B.", in which forces of six N.A.T.O. nations took part. Over fifty warships steamed past in review off Malta and were watched from H.M.S. Surprise by Admiral Mountbatten, who is seen with Lord Ismay and other members of the N.A.T.O. Council.



NATURE'S ADDITION TO MAN'S ARCHITECTURE: A PAIR OF SELF-SOWN TREES GROWING ON THE ARCHWAY LEADING TO THE KITCHEN COURT OF EASTBURY HOUSE, NEAR BLANDFORD, DORSET.



A MEMORIAL TO THE DEAD OF EL ALAMEIN: A MODEL OF THE CLOISTER WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED BY THE IMPERIAL WAR GRAVES COMMISSION AND WHICH WILL BE UNVEILED BY FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY ON OCTOBER 24.

This memorial, which is to be unveiled by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery on October 24, has been designed by Sir Hubert Worthington, A.R.A., and erected by the Imperial War Graves Commission on the northern side of the battlefield cemetery at El Alamein, in the Western Desert. It consists of a cloister in which are

recorded the names of 8725 officers and men who were killed in the Western Desert and the Middle East, and 3320 members of the Air Forces who were killed during operations from bases in the Eastern Mediterranean, the Near East and East Africa. Flights of stairs lead to a flat roof with wide prospects.



A ROYAL WIN AT GOODWOOD, TWO FIRES,  
AND NEWS ITEMS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



FIRE IN THE STOCKHOLM STADIUM, THE SCENE OF MANY FAMOUS ATHLETIC EVENTS: FIREMEN FIGHTING THE FLAMES WHICH DESTROYED ONE OF THE STANDS ON JULY 27. During the course of the Athletic Games between Sweden and Hungary, fire broke out in one of the stands on July 27; and our photograph, taken on the evening of that day, shows firemen at work. One of the stands was completely destroyed.



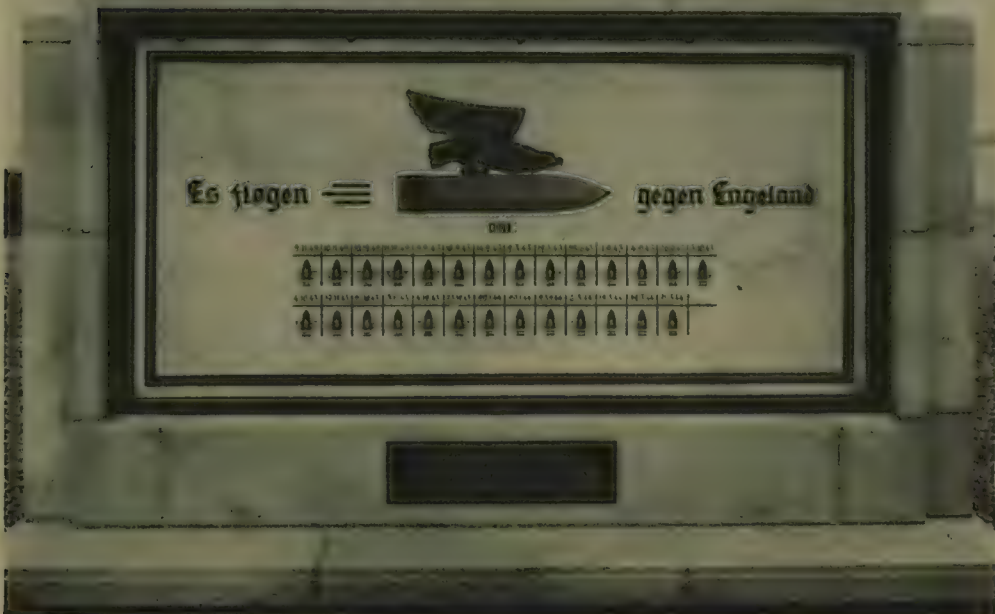
COVERACK'S NEW LIFEBOAT, WILLIAM TAYLOR OF OLDHAM, BEING HAULED UP THE SLIPWAY ON JULY 24. IT IS A 16½-TON VESSEL AND COST SOME £25,000 TO BUILD. This new lifeboat, powered with two Diesel engines of a new type, giving a range of 238 miles and an average speed of 8.38 knots, was built at Littlehampton and during extended trials covered 1500 miles in 181 steaming hours, travelling up the East Coast to Inverness, through the Caledonian Canal and, after visits to the Isle of Man and Anglesey, round Land's End back to Littlehampton before delivery. She replaces the *Three Sisters*, which had been in service at Coverack, near the Lizard, for 20 years.



THE QUEEN'S HORSE WINS. LANDAU (W. SNAITH UP) WINNING THE SUSSEX STAKES, AT GOODWOOD, BY FIVE LENGTHS FROM ORTHOPAEDIC, WITH FESTOON A CLOSE THIRD. In the opening race of the second day of the Goodwood meeting the Queen's colt *Landau* continued his triumphs this year by winning the Sussex Stakes by five lengths from Mrs. Maurice Moss's *Orthopaedic*. Mr. J. A. Dewar's filly *Festoon* at one point challenged strongly, but *Landau* drew away without difficulty.



THE AFTERMATH OF A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE: THE TWO HORSES CONCERNED, FRANCASAL AND SANTA AMARA, OFFERED FOR SALE AT EPSOM, WHERE BOTH WERE BOUGHT. On July 26 *Francasal* and *Santa Amara*, the two horses concerned in last March's case, known as the *Francasal* "ringer" case, were sold. Both horses are banned under Jockey Club and National Hunt rules. *Francasal* brought 160 guineas, *Santa Amara* 400 guineas.



A GRIM MEMORIAL TO THE LONG-RANGE BOMBARDMENT SUFFERED BY DOVER DURING THE WAR: A GERMAN RECORD FROM A LONG-RANGE GUN, NOW ERECTED IN DOVER HARBOUR. This section of armour plating, recording eighty-four of the 2226 rounds fired at Dover during 1940-44, was taken from a German long-range gun at Sangatte, Calais. It was given to the Calais branch of the British Legion, who presented it to the Mayor of Dover; and it has now been erected by the Harbour Board on the sea-front at Dover.



ROTTERDAM'S LAST WORKING WINDMILL, THE MILL DE NOORD, WHICH ESCAPED THE BOMBARDMENT OF 1940, BLAZING IN THE FIRE OF JULY 27, IN WHICH IT WAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED. IT WAS ONE OF ROTTERDAM'S FEW REMAINING HISTORICAL MONUMENTS, BEING BUILT IN 1577, AND RESTORED IN 1718.



# "A MAN MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING."

"WARREN HASTINGS": By KEITH FEILING.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THAT excellent historian, Professor Feiling (whose last book read by me was a generous little life of Neville Chamberlain), has now produced a solid biography of Warren Hastings, who was the founder of what became British India, and suffered for it.

Hastings was born in 1732, cadet of a very ancient family, went to Westminster (he remained until death an ardent "Old Boy" and gave O.W. dinners in



WARREN HASTINGS, 1766-88; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.  
In the possession of Captain E. G. Spencer-Churchill.

Calcutta when Governor-General), proceeded to India at eighteen as a writer in the Company's service, was Governor at forty, had more vision as to the possibility of development in India, along Indian lines, under British supervision and British help, than any man of his time, waged wars heroically, coped patiently with greedy associates, and, after a long, noble and upright career of service, came home to be tried for his "crimes." For the details, very complicated, of the service, the reader must be referred to Professor Feiling. For the trial, it is, alas, still better remembered than the services.



WHERE "THE LAST HASTINGS OF DAYLESFORD HAD SUNNY YEARS AS A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, WROTE A GREAT DEAL OF VERSE... AND DIED... AGED EIGHTY-FIVE, IN THE YEAR BEFORE QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTH": DAYLESFORD HOUSE, IN WORCESTERSHIRE." (National Buildings Record and Victoria County History.)

On June 13, 1786, the Commons voted, by 119 to 79, that there was ground for the impeachment of Hastings. Thereafter followed those years of trial—in other words, persecution—which resulted in Hastings's acquittal on all charges, and unanimous acquittal on all involving his honour. It also resulted in his having spent his all on his defence: but the Company, and old Indian friends of divers colours and creeds, came to the rescue, and the last Hastings

of Daylesford had sunny years as a country gentleman, wrote a great deal of verse (not quoted here), and died at Daylesford, aged eighty-five, in the year before Queen Victoria's birth. Shortly before that, he, whose friends, in earlier days, had expected to have the highest honours showered upon him, was made a Privy Councillor by the Prince Regent.

The trial had lasted for seven years. The snake Philip Francis said gleefully before it began that, whatever the verdict about Hastings and Impey, the trial would "gibbet their characters to all eternity." For a long time it certainly clouded their memories: the speeches of Burke and Sheridan against Hastings were long regarded as specimens of classic English oratory, and eloquent philippics have always been popular, however just or unjust their arguments.

But in the long run it is not Hastings who has been gibbeted. In that extraordinary chaos of India which he was trying to put straight, with incompetent coadjutors forced upon him, intermittent backing, and people in both continents stabbing him in the back, aware that many of his subordinates were corrupt, forced to make alliances with shifty princes, often with an empty treasury, he undoubtedly made mistakes, as any man might. It was his rule that once he had come to a decision, he did not alter it. But he was utterly right when he wrote privately ("let no man see this, I am ashamed of my own praises"): "If I might be allowed to point out the best features of my character in office, I should place these in the catalogue: integrity and zeal; affection for my fellow-servants, and regard for the country which I governed... sincerity and unreserve in my dealings with the Chiefs in connection with our government... patience, long-suffering, confidence and decision."

Francis, who is reputed to have been given his lucrative job in India (his burning ambition to replace Hastings as Governor-General was, happily, not fulfilled), was behind the scenes prompting. But, as Professor Feiling says, "it was Burke who made the trial an infamy." It must hurt anybody who reveres Burke for his strong constitutional sense, the generosity of his heart, and the majesty of his prose, to find him lowering himself to the basest rant in a cause concerning which he was ignorant of the most elementary facts, and about which he had been merely briefed. "True to his plan of making a 'habitual evil intention' do duty for evidence, he assumed guilt without affording proof, setting out so to darken Hastings' character that an innocent interpretation would be inconceivable. Not enough to show errors, or even political crimes; he must be painted as something low and sub-human, a Caliban wrapped up in

a Tartuffe. So, echoing Lady Anne Monson's malicious gossip, he dwelt on Hastings' birth and upbringing as 'low' and 'vulgar.' He had begun his Indian career as 'a fraudulent bullock contractor.' Here was no heroic lion, but 'a rat,' 'a weazel,' 'a keeper of a pig-stye, wallowing in corruption.' [If there were pigs, it may be added, they were Burke's friends.] A heart 'gangrened to the very core'; responsible for 'desolated provinces and ruined kingdoms,' the destruction of religion, and the torture of women. 'This swindling Mæcenas,' this 'bad scribbler of absurd papers,' was a compound of corruption and cruelty. 'He never corrupts without he is cruel. He never dines without creating a famine.' 'Like a wild beast he groans in corners over the dead and dying.' 'Every drop of blood that was spilt in consequence of his acts was murder.'"

Burke was 'melodramatic, sentimental and inaccurate: his fellow-Irishman, Sheridan, was not less so. Westminster Hall had been seated and draped like a theatre. "Elliot made the Commons weep about Impey, but Sheridan's speech to the court on the Begums was the show-piece. The rush for tickets sent up the price to fifty guineas. Peeresses were queuing in Palace Yard at eight in the morning. The sensitive Elliot could not remember ever crying 'so heartily and copiously on any public occasion.' Gibbon was there, to hear a compliment to his 'luminous page,' and drops the curtain on this four days spectacle; 'Sheridan, on the close of his speech,

sunk into Burke's arms, but I called this morning, he is perfectly well. Agoodactor.' And when Sheridan let his sensibility go free, the effect was terrible. 'Filial love, the sacrament of nature'; hardly the truth about As of -Daulah. 'O Justice, Faith, Policy, fly from this spot.' 'At that fell glance peace, faith, joy, careless innocence, and feeble confidence receive their inexorable doom.' Too much of this. 'A few pages of the *Spectator*,' wrote the accused, 'a few pages from Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, or scraps from Buffon, would do as well as Sheridan.' Had these well-meaning ignoramuses had his head, his disdain would have remained. But our politicians, on the whole, have never known much about India.

Professor Feiling's book improves as it goes, and he is able to concentrate on the single figure and fate of Hastings. In his earlier pages—and it must be admitted that it is difficult to keep all the Indian and British balls in the air at the same time—one feels rather congested, rather like a fly on a fly-paper, because of the swarm of events and names. He has no space, often, for introducing a new character with a little sketch in the old fashion (though he does Philip Francis and Eyre Coote well), and sometimes, when one comes to a name, referred to as though one should be familiar with it, one looks at the index and finds that one has indeed seen one bare mention of it before; and sometimes one finds that it isn't in the index at all. As the book goes on, the leaders in the cast become clearer, and the scene shifts more seldom.

When the next edition comes out a few alterations and additions might be made. There are misspellings: e.g., Lord Kames's name is spelt "Kaimes" and Admiral Suffren (with more superfluous i's)



PROFESSOR KEITH FEILING, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Professor Keith Grahame Feiling, who was born in 1884, has been Professor Emeritus in the University of Oxford since 1950. From 1946-50 he was Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford. He is the author of a number of books, including: "A History of England," "The Second Tory Party (1714-1832)," and "The Life of Neville Chamberlain."



WARREN HASTINGS, 1811; BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.  
(National Portrait Gallery.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Warren Hastings"; by Courtesy of the publisher, Macmillan.

repeatedly appears as "Suffrein." And a map of eighteenth-century India is really indispensable. Not everybody has a historical atlas within reach; and, although most people who are likely to read the book will know the general whereabouts of Calcutta, Delhi, Bombay and Madras, they may need a little refreshing as to the position of the various Mahratta states, of those Afghan invaders the Rohillas, and of the boundaries of Oudh.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 234 of this issue.

\* "Warren Hastings." By Keith Feiling. Illustrated. (Macmillan; 30s.)





OVERCOATS AT GALE-SWEPT "GLORIOUS" GOODWOOD: A GENERAL VIEW LOOKING OVER THE PADDOCK TO CROWDED TRUNDLE HILL ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE MEETING, SHOWING THE QUEEN IN THE ENCLOSURE (LIGHT COAT, CENTRE).

The four-day meeting at Goodwood opened on July 27 in a high wind, but the principal race of the day, the Stewards' Cup, attracted a crowd of more than 60,000. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were present and her Majesty visited the paddock before the first race to see her horse, *Opera Score*, in the parade. Racegoers, clad in overcoats and mackintoshes, had to hold on to their hats to prevent them being blown off their heads by the gale which buffeted everything on the course, which stands 500 ft. above the coastal plain. A complete

outsider, *Ashurst Wonder*, carrying 6 st. 11 lb., ridden by the apprentice, A. Shrive, won the Stewards' Cup, with *Moonlight Express* second and *Zanzara* third. On the second day the weather showed no improvement and the gale was back to plague the horses, the jockeys and the spectators, but it dried the ground after a night of torrential rain and the going remained excellent. After seeing her colt *Landau* win the Sussex Stakes, the Queen left before the last race to go to Cowdray Park, where she saw the Duke of Edinburgh play polo.



SIX volumes are to cover the campaigns of the Second World War in the Mediterranean and Middle East, in what I must persist in calling the official history of the war. Those responsible avoid the epithet elaborately and unconvincingly. It is the right word for an officially sponsored and financed history based on material available only to the historians, and remains so despite a note, considered unnecessary as regards the official history of the previous great war and in my view unnecessary still, that none but editor and authors are responsible for statements and views expressed. These six volumes are to deal with sea, land, and air, which is the correct method, and particularly suited to this theatre. There must be some overlapping, because the Navy and R.A.F. have demanded some volumes of their own, though the Army manages to do with the general accounts.

I confess that when I advocated histories dealing with all Services, which must have been in the first

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE MEDITERRANEAN AND MIDDLE EAST, 1939-41.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

situation to a far greater extent, though Italy had nothing else to do but improve hers.

On our side, it seems to me to be revealed by the narrative that the impulsive nature of the Prime Minister and Minister of Defence and his very determination was inclined to lead him to a boldness which outraged the principles of prudence. The scheme for the capture of Pantelleria had little to recommend it except that it would have been a gesture of defiance and had practically no friends. Yet it came very near to being put into practice. The promise to Turkey on January 31, 1941, that she would be sent ten squadrons of fighter and bomber aircraft and a hundred anti-aircraft guns either in or on their way to Egypt, followed by the warning from the Chiefs of Staff to the harassed Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore that the ten squadrons could come only from him, makes an amazing story. The *Luftwaffe* was already in the Mediterranean. Longmore hardly knew where to turn for aircraft. No wonder he "expressed his astonishment that squadrons should be sent to Turkey, where they might be locked up doing nothing, at a time when operations against the Italians in Cyrenaica and Eritrea were in full swing and there was an urgent need to oppose the *Luftwaffe* in the Mediterranean." Fortunately the scheme came to nothing.

We see the outbreak of war with Italy, the difficulties of relations with Egypt, the distressing action against the French fleet, the early encounters with Italian forces at sea, on land, and in the air. Then the fighting boils up. Tremendous victories bring about the virtual annihilation of the Italian land and air forces

in Cyrenaica. Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham sweeps the Mediterranean; half the Italian naval power is put out of action, for months or for good, in the Fleet Air Arm attack at Taranto. Convoys pass up and down the Mediterranean without loss. The Italian Navy suffers from the fallacy of trying to do without a fleet air arm and relying on air forces not trained for co-operation with naval. It becomes almost impotent. Then the Germans intervene. The Stukas from Sicily transform the situation in a few days. Freedom of action is lost. The Suez Canal itself is blocked by mines. The diversion caused by Germany's move into the Balkans and its effect on the Italian campaign against Greece are discussed. But the worst is left for the second volume, which will be pretty depressing. The first ends with victory in the dual thrust against the Italians in East Africa and the recovery of Ethiopia.

There is a military maxim not quite of universal application which enjoins the practice of doing only one thing at a time. One kind of warfare in which it has no place is the movement of convoys. The reason is, of course, that, particularly in the Mediterranean, economy in escorts can often be achieved by carrying out several convoy operations simultaneously. The accounts given here are fascinating to the naval student, though at times the complexity of the operations makes them difficult to follow. The combinations included reinforcement and revictualing of Malta, the flying of aircraft on to her airfields from carriers, supplies and reinforcements for Egypt, and

movement of merchandise. There is, however, also a feature of which I in my ignorance had never before fully appreciated the importance. This is the movement of individual warships in and out of the Mediterranean, or between the Mediterranean Fleet at Alexandria and Force H at Gibraltar, or to or from Malta. Needs changed often, and the particular qualities of a single battleship or cruiser might make it worth while to transfer or exchange her.

The administrative background is sketched very broadly but in an informative manner. Whether or not the extreme brevity with which the campaign against the Italians in the Western Desert is recorded is satisfactory must be a matter of opinion. Some readers, even those who are students of war, are bored with tactical detail. These will be glad of its absence here. For myself I must confess that I read the account in the Australian official history with deep attention and interest just because of its detail—which brings out the human factor as well as tactical lessons—whereas I ran through this rather casually because I found nothing solid enough to get a firm grip on. There are, I know, a lot of people who feel, in the words of the introduction, that "military history would be quite interesting were it not for the battles." I should not have thought they required encouragement here. Goodness knows they are well catered for by popular publishers. If this criticism sounds ill-natured, I must add that it does not apply to the book as a whole.

Much attention is being given to-day to the subject of bases and there has been much discussion about the value of Egypt as such. Conditions change, and there can be no guarantee that with the arrival on the scene of weapons unknown at the time in question the value of Egypt as a base for all Services would be as great to-day as it then was. Yet it must be said that every chapter in this book illustrates its high qualities and our good fortune in being able to make use of it. In strength we were in what appeared a most unsatisfactory situation. Strategically, however, we were well placed.



SET ON FIRE BY THE R.A.F. DURING BOMBARDMENT BEFORE THE CAPTURE OF TOBRUK ON JANUARY 22, 1941: THE OLD ITALIAN CRUISER SAN GIORGIO BURNING IN THE HARBOUR.

instance about the end of the war, I had not expected such formidable teams, four for the Mediterranean and Middle East, five for the war against Japan. I wonder whether it is my imagination which detects in the first volume now before me different hands and styles, some better than others.\* In general, however, the volume is well written and reveals the great interest of the period. Interesting it assuredly is, though the theatre was virtually inactive for a considerable period after the outbreak of war with Germany while Italy remained an unfriendly neutral. The account opens with a sketch of pre-war events and policy. We see the evolution of the British attitude from the early 'thirties, when it was considered that Italy was friendly enough not to be regarded as an enemy, through the phase in which she could no longer be considered a "reliable friend," up to that in which she became a belligerent foe.

Great interest attaches also to Anglo-French relations and plans regarding this theatre. Military liaison was close. The defence structure depended heavily upon co-operation between the forces of the two nations and a great deal was done to insure it. As the time for action approached, some differences of views occurred and it appears that those of the French were cruder and less well balanced than the British. Despite this and serious shortage of arms and equipment, the alliance represented a factor of very great strength in the Mediterranean. This was particularly true of naval strength in the two basins, British in eastern, French in western. When we consider how well the British, fighting alone, did in the first stage of hostilities against Italy, we shall probably conclude that, but for the fall of France, the victory would have been overwhelming, decisive in the theatre itself, and of great importance to the future of the war as a whole. All the more distressing, therefore, all the more bewildering, was the situation in which the British commanders found themselves when French strength was eliminated, and all their good plans collapsed.

Another feature of the situation was Italy's strange lack of preparedness for war, seeing that she was under the sway of a dictator who glorified arms and spoke constantly of his determination to make her a great military Power. For all his megalomania, Mussolini was not blind to the deficiencies. He knew he was not ready for a world war and did not intend to become a belligerent at that time. When he did intervene it was only because he thought the war was already as good as won by Germany and could not resist the temptation to partake of the spoils, gaining at the same time a dubious prestige internally, even if the Germans and most of the outside world sniggered. This account also reveals that while Italy remained outside the conflict she bettered her equipment and power to wage war hardly at all. Britain, though her main responsibilities were elsewhere, in France and the Atlantic, improved her



DAMAGE TO THE WHARVES AT TOBRUK, JANUARY 1941, SHOWING A TRUCK PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED ON THE JETTY. TWO DAYS AFTER ITS CAPTURE THE HARBOUR WAS READY TO RECEIVE SHIPPING.

The ingenuity, boldness, and capacity for making much out of little of the three commanders-in-chief—Cunningham, Wavell, and Longmore—cannot be too highly praised, but these qualities would not have gone as far as they did had it not been for a generally favourable strategic lay-out, in which Egypt played a very important part. In my view, some, at all events, of the features which made it so valuable still remain.

What will be the final verdict on the Italian Navy and its performance? Its qualities were in some respects higher than is commonly thought. Its destroyers, in particular, acted on occasion with both gallantry and skill. Its worst handicap was probably that which has already been mentioned, lack of reliance, against a well-trained and enterprising carrier-borne air force, upon the support of an independent and unenterprising land-based air force with inadequate training in combined operations. Its submarines did not pull their weight. Finally, however, with the support of the Germans in Sicily—and later using Rhodes for refuelling—it did succeed in getting men and supplies over to Africa across the central Mediterranean. The last sentence of the chapter with the inspiring title, "Graziani is swept out of Cyrenaica," runs: "Of 220,000 tons of cargo loaded for North Africa at Italian ports in February and March (1941), only 20,000 failed to arrive." This is a sad contrast.

The volume is profusely illustrated. It contains twenty coloured maps, ten other maps or diagrams in the text, and forty-four photographs. It will not make exactly popular reading, and indeed doubt must be felt as to whether serious military history is ever likely to; but it is not abstruse or forbidding. It records remarkable achievement, greatly to the credit of the commanders-in-chief and forces of all three fighting Services. Yet these commanders-in-chief must have realised that neither the resources nor the methods which brought victory over the Italians were adequate for dealing with the Germans. If they were in any sense misled on that question they were soon to be undeceived.



A VERTICAL AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF BENGHAZI HARBOUR, 1940, SHOWING A LARGE SHIP ON FIRE, ANOTHER ON FIRE AND SINKING, A SUNKEN DESTROYER, ANOTHER SHIP PARTLY SUBMERGED, AND SEVERAL OTHER SHIPS DAMAGED. LEAKING OIL IS CLEARLY VISIBLE ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.

Photographs Crown copyright reserved: Imperial War Museum.

\* "The Mediterranean and Middle East," Volume I.: The Early Successes against Italy (to May, 1941). By Major-General I. S. O. Playfair, Commander G. M. S. Stitt, R.N., Brigadier C. J. C. Molony, Air Vice-Marshal S. E. Toomer. (H.M. Stationery Office; 35s.)





DARINGS, DESTROYERS AND FAST ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATES OF THE ROYAL NAVY, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE GREAT ALLIED NAVAL REVIEW WHICH CONCLUDED EXERCISE "MEDFLEX B."



WARSHIPS OF THE BRITISH, GREEK, TURKISH, AND ITALIAN NAVIES IN SLIEMA CREEK, MALTA, DURING THE INTERNATIONAL "GET-TOGETHER" WHICH FOLLOWED THE EXERCISE.



FAST MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS OF THE ITALIAN NAVY AT SPEED, DURING THE GREAT N.A.T.O. REVIEW OF MORE THAN FIFTY ALLIED WARSHIPS OFF MALTA.

#### THE ALLIED NAVAL REVIEW WHICH CONCLUDED THE N.A.T.O. MEDITERRANEAN EXERCISE : SOME OF THE FIFTY WARSHIPS.

The Allied Mediterranean exercise, "Medflex B," which concluded on July 23 with a review and which, after six days, had culminated in an amphibious landing on the north coast of Malta, was considered the most satisfactory yet undertaken. Its general form was an attack on Malta by Orange Forces (commanded by Admiral Giroi, of the Italian Navy, and Admiral Lappas, of the Greek Navy) against the defence by Blue Forces (commanded by Admiral Altincan, of the Turkish Navy). Forces of the six Allied nations, the United Kingdom, the United States, France, Greece, Turkey and Italy, took part, and the operations included submarine, surface,

air and land engagements. Over fifty Allied warships took part and, in conclusion, steamed past the Commander-in-Chief's dispatch vessel, H.M.S. *Surprise*, where the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Lord Mountbatten, was accompanied by Lord Ismay, the Secretary-General, and other members of the North Atlantic Council. After the exercise and review, ships of the six participating navies have been berthed in the harbours of Malta, where, in addition to the immediate official critique, there were many invaluable opportunities for informal and social contacts between ships and with the airmen who participated.





THE ADMIRAL COMES ABOARD : VICE-ADMIRAL REID, ALLIED COMMANDER, SOUTH-EAST MEDITERRANEAN, PROCEEDING AT SEA BY BOSUN'S CHAIR TO H.M.S. *BERMUDA*, DURING THE ALLIED REVIEW OFF MALTA.

During the review of the Allied naval forces which concluded the Exercise "Medflex B," Admiral Lord Mountbatten, Lord Ismay and other members of the North Atlantic Council saw Vice-Admiral J. P. L. Reid, Flag Officer Second-in-Command of the Mediterranean Fleet and Allied Commander, South-East Mediterranean, leave H.M.S. *Surprise* for the cruiser *Bermuda* at sea by bosun's chair, and Commodore W. W. Woods, Chief of Staff at Naval Headquarters, Malta, lifted by helicopter from the deck of H.M.S. *Surprise*—two neat examples of the mobility of the higher officers in modern naval warfare. At the conclusion of the exercise, Admiral Lord Mountbatten said that he had observed Allied

exercises during the course of the sixteen months since AFMED was activated, and was extremely satisfied with the progress made. Each exercise seemed to be better and showed improvements in every field, particularly in communications. "Medflex B" marked the greatest advance yet made from every point of view. When leaving, Lord Ismay, speaking for the North Atlantic Council, said: "I can assure you that every one of us has found it extremely instructive and immensely encouraging. . . . The unity that has been achieved in this Command in the short time it has been going is absolutely astonishing, and we all know, gentlemen, that it is that unity which is our greatest safeguard."





THE NAVY'S FLYING POSTMAN: A HELICOPTER DELIVERING MAIL TO A MINESWEEPER DURING EXERCISE "HAUL."

When it comes to delivering mail it certainly is not, these days, always "worse at sea." During the recent N.A.T.O. maritime exercise "Haul," held from July 16 to July 25 in the English Channel and North Sea, officers and men of the Royal Navy who were taking part in it had their mail delivered to them twice a day by a Fleet Air Arm helicopter. Our photograph shows the helicopter hovering over a minesweeper at mast height while the post-bags were lowered. Bad weather

frequently marred exercise "Haul" and even curtailed operations, and a strenuous time was experienced by all. In a message sent at the end of the exercise to the forces of the nations taking part, the Commander-in-Chief said that a very high degree of co-operation had been attained between the sea and air forces of all the nations concerned, and it was certain that a great step forward in operational efficiency had been made in the past twelve months.



## TACTICAL EXERCISES WITHOUT SUBMARINES: "ATTACK TEACHERS" OF TWO NAVIES.

ON July 26, during the visit of the North Atlantic Council to Malta to watch the naval exercise "Med-flex Baker," a demonstration of the action speed tactical teacher was given, where officers and ratings of six nations were engaged in playing a tactical exercise on this synthetic but realistic training device. Details of the device have not been stated, but it may well resemble the submarine "attack teacher," pictures of which we reproduce on this page. Using this "teacher" submariners are able to stage realistic battle exercises indoors which would be extremely costly if they were to be carried out at sea. In the U.S. Navy's version of the "teacher" (top picture), two ship models, mounted on electrically driven machines called "cribs," creep across a tiled floor while vacuum-tubes simulate the noise of the propellers. On the floor below submariners plot the models with Asdic gear or watch them through the periscope. The operator at the panel controls the movements of the ship models. A similar type of "Attack Teacher" is being used by the Royal Navy to train submarine crews in the art of tracking and attacking surface vessels. Our picture shows the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Wingfield Digby, M.P., watching a demonstration last year of the device at the Navy's submarine base, H.M.S. *Dolphin*, Gosport.



(RIGHT.)  
THE U.S. NAVY'S SUBMARINE "ATTACK TEACHER" IN OPERATION. THIS INGENUOUS DEVICE ENABLES SUBMARINERS TO STAGE REALISTIC BATTLE EXERCISES INDOORS WHICH WOULD BE EXTREMELY COSTLY IF CARRIED OUT AT SEA.

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of the National Geographic Society.

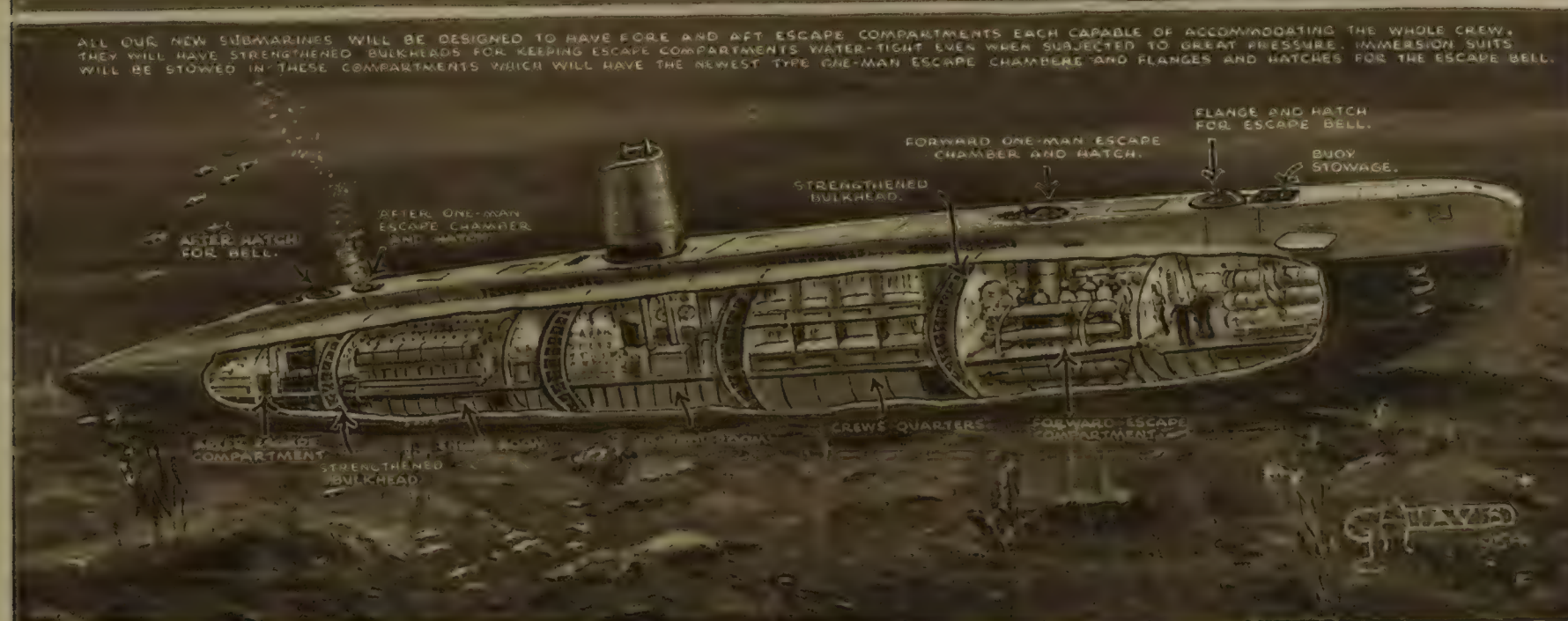


WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION LAST YEAR OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S TABLE-TOP SUBMARINE "ATTACK TEACHER": THE CIVIL LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, MR. SIMON WINGFIELD DIGBY, M.P., (THIRD FROM LEFT), AT H.M.S. *DOLPHIN*, THE NAVY'S SUBMARINE BASE AT GOSPORT.





HOW H.M.S. "KINGFISHER" HAS TO BE ACCURATELY MOORED OVER THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE WHEN USING THE RESCUE BELL.



USING THE NEW RESCUE BELL TECHNIQUE: H.M.S. KINGFISHER, THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW SUBMARINE RESCUE SHIP.

On June 23 the Admiralty announced that the ocean salvage vessel *King Salvor*, renamed H.M.S. *Kingfisher*, had been converted to a submarine rescue ship specially fitted to operate the American rescue bell, so successfully used by the U.S. Navy in saving survivors from the U.S.N. submarine *Squalus* which sank in 39 fathoms in 1939. Of 1,690 tons, with a length of 217 ft., H.M.S. *Kingfisher* carries a complement of seven officers and seventy-five ratings. Her working-up programme, which is being carried out in the Clyde, includes intensive practice for her team of deep-sea divers, who are equipped with a recompression chamber; and practice in operating

the rescue bell, weighing something like ten tons, which has already undergone trials in the United Kingdom. The crew has also been carrying out training in the complicated operation of mooring accurately over a sunken submarine without help from other ships. In order to make escape possible with the rescue bell special hatches and seating flanges for it are being built into new construction submarines of the Royal Navy. New boats will be fitted with rescue compartments fore and aft, accommodating the whole crew, and will have strengthened bulkheads, one-man escape chambers, air-purifying equipment and sufficient immersion suits for the crew.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE ADMIRALTY









## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. AND LONG LIVE QUEEN ANNE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I THINK *demure* is the most apposite description for this cabinet (Fig. 1), which is a well-known piece of English furniture and was one of the gems in the collection of the late Percival Griffiths. But I must be careful how I use such words as "gems," because when I showed these photographs to a benighted (the word benighted is invariably applied to people who don't agree with me) friend of mine, he looked at me goggle-eyed and said he couldn't bear to live with so bandy-legged and top-heavy a bureau, and I felt I had offended him. There are no doubt many who share his dislike of this particular style; if so,

centuries, it seems to have been more common—Gillow labels, for example, spring to mind—and it also was the usual practice in America, with the amusing result that people began to print false labels to put on old, or oldish, furniture; but I don't think we have reached that stage in these admittedly backward islands.

Granger was flourishing between 1692 and 1706, and this little bureau—it is only 5 ft. 4 ins. high—marks the change in taste which occurred at just about the turn of the century in the inevitable reaction against the extreme elaboration of so much of the walnut furniture of the previous forty years. At first sight, it would seem to have nothing much to recommend it beyond the fine quality of the wood (it is difficult to get tired of beautifully figured walnut) and a certain homely comfortable line—the curved top somehow gives the impression that here is a rather nice old lady crowned by a bonnet tied under the chin. It is really not surprising that such unclassical fashions were unpopular among the more sophisticated in later years after the excavations at Pompeii and the travels of Robert Adam. However, I'm no arbiter of taste, merely a recorder, knowing very well what traps lie in wait for the unwary in these high matters. It was Horace Walpole, for example, who committed himself to the following: "One of the greatest geniuses that ever existed, Shakespeare, undoubtedly wanted taste"—and so no doubt he did by the standards of 1774 when Walpole wrote. All I say is that if you like the prevailing style of the reign of Queen Anne you will like this, and if you don't you will still find it interesting. Let's look inside. Of several very good detailed photographs one (Fig. 2) shows very clearly the pains lavished upon the interior. Here are the wonders of the Orient translated, not without good sense, into sober English prose. I can't display the colours—soft blues, golds, and reds—but it is all carried out very discreetly, and, what is particularly noticeable, with due regard to the value of plain empty spaces. The panel at the back of the centre cupboard seems to me to echo with uncommon fidelity Far Eastern conventions for clouds and the starry host of heaven.

This Japan work, as it was called, was exceedingly popular from the time of the Restoration in 1660. Many fine lacquer chests and cabinets were brought to Europe by both the Dutch and the English East India Companies, and English cabinet-makers were not slow in producing passable imitations. Everyone was extremely vague as to the country of origin of these remarkable pieces, and referred to them indiscriminately as Japan, Chinese or Indian, and some English merchants exported designs or models to be made and lacquered in the East, and then reimported. The trade in such items must have been considerable, because the London cabinet-makers petitioned Parliament in 1701

on the ground that such practice was unfair and they succeeded in having a heavy duty imposed. The fashion lasted until well into the 1730's and one or two London makers built up a large export trade in these home-made pieces, which were much in favour in Spain and Portugal.



FIG. 1. WITH THE FLAP DOWN, AND SLIDES TO HOLD CANDLESTICKS EXTENDED: AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WALNUT BUREAU BY HUGH GRANGER. (5 ft. 4 ins. high.)

This extremely elegant, early eighteenth-century cabinet is the subject of Frank Davis's article. It is here shown with the door, which bears a bevelled mirror, closed, and the flap down to show the small drawers all elaborately decorated. The slides at the side are designed to hold candlesticks.

What we didn't know in those early days was how the Japanese or Chinese dealt with a stand upon which to rest these gorgeous chests and cabinets, so we paid them the compliment of making most elaborately carved and gilded or silvered stands in a wholly European tradition—to modern eyes accustomed to the reticence of authentic Chinese furniture a most incongruous marriage of convenience. An additional proof—if proof is required—of the popularity of furniture decorated in a pseudo-Far Eastern manner is provided by a strange little book published in 1688 by two enterprising people Stalker and Parker—"Treatise of Japanning and Varnishing" in which not merely the trade but everyone is instructed in the art, and a few years later a company was formed with the resounding title "The Patentees for Lacquering after the Manner of Japan." Not unnaturally, the quality of the work which has survived varies considerably, which brings me back to this little bureau where the decoration has been carried out not merely with delicate precision but with exceptional finesse—a point which is brought out sufficiently well in the photograph (Fig. 2) in which the designs on the exterior of the small drawers are clearly visible. Similar designs are painted on the writing-flap and on the flap itself.

When this piece was seen at Christie's at the sale of the Percival Griffiths collection in 1939 the five open pigeon-holes above and below the decorated portion were filled by five "secret" drawers disguised as book bindings. These were obviously later additions and have now been removed, so that you see now the interior as it came from Granger's workshop without modern improvements (Fig. 3). The two little slides seen in Fig. 1 on each side of the writing-flap are for candlesticks, and—just in case the illustration is ambiguous on the point—the door has a bevelled mirror. The slightly curved legs, without carving, are of square section and terminate in club feet. In spite of my pernicky friend I still stoutly maintain that this is a gem of its kind. *Vivat Anna Regina!*



FIG. 2. "THE WONDERS OF THE ORIENT TRANSLATED, NOT WITHOUT GOOD SENSE, INTO SOBER ENGLISH PROSE": DETAIL OF THE DECORATED INTERIOR OF THE WALNUT CABINET DISCUSSED ON THIS PAGE, REVEALED WHEN THE MIRROR DOOR IS OPENED.

The Queen Anne cabinet discussed on this page is here seen with the mirror door open to reveal the decoration in the interior, of which Frank Davis writes: "the wonders of the Orient translated, not without good sense, into sober English prose. . . . The panel at the back of the centre cupboard seems to me to echo with uncommon fidelity Far Eastern conventions for clouds and the starry host of heaven."

they are in good company, for pretty well all the best people of the mid-eighteenth century and a little later banished such naïve and old-fashioned constructions to attic or stable, which is one reason why really good walnut is so difficult to find. However, there it is; this thing was once the very last word in fashion, and the maker, Hugh Granger, stuck his trade-card on to it—a nice engraving of an angel carrying book and palm and beneath, within a cartouche, "All sorts of *Fashionable Household goods at Reasonable rates are Made by Hugh Granger at the Carved Angel in Aldermanbury*," which is a reminder of how varied and interesting streets were when houses were not numbered but every shopkeeper had his sign; a custom reserved nowadays almost wholly for pubs and banks. We all wish more cabinet-makers had been obliging enough to label their wares in this manner. Very few of them did, and the big men never. For example, Chippendale furniture—or rather furniture by Chippendale (there is a difference)—is identified by (a) the original bills for furniture made for a particular house and/or (b) and less certainly, by quality and the resemblance to the designs he published under his name in successive editions of "The Director."

It seems that only men in a small way of business used labels and the big men were too grand for so obvious a method of advertising. Yet big fish often start life as little fish, and it seems odd that, as far as I know, not one of them has left behind him this kind of record of his early years. At the end of the eighteenth and at the beginning of the nineteenth



FIG. 3. WITH THE WRITING-FLAP DOWN: DETAIL OF THE QUEEN ANNE WALNUT CABINET DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE.

"When this piece was seen at Christie's at the sale of the Percival Griffiths collection in 1939, the five open pigeon-holes above and below the decorated portion were filled by five 'secret' drawers disguised as book bindings. These were obviously later additions and have now been removed, so that you see now the interior as it came from Granger's workshop. . . ."

Illustrations by courtesy of Frank Partridge and Sons.

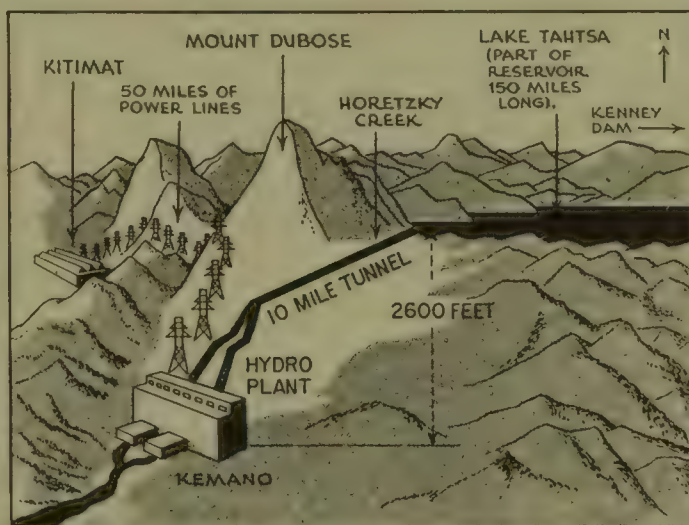




A PANORAMA OF THE ALUMINIUM COMPANY OF CANADA'S ("ALCAN") SMELTER AT KITIMAT, IN THE COAST MOUNTAINS 400 MILES NORTH OF VANCOUVER, SHOWING THE HARBOUR AT THE HEAD OF THE DOUGLAS CHANNEL. IN THE BACKGROUND, CROSSING THE DELTA, CAN BE SEEN THE POWER LINES LEADING FROM KEMANO POWER-HOUSE.



SOME OF THE 300 TRANSMISSION TOWERS WHICH CARRY ELECTRIC POWER OVER FIFTY MILES OF RUGGED COUNTRY.



A TUNNEL DRIVEN THROUGH MT. DUBOSE LINKS LAKE TAHTSA WITH THE KEMANO POWER-HOUSE, BUILT INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN AT ITS BASE. FROM THE POWER-HOUSE TRANSMISSION TOWERS CARRY ELECTRIC POWER FIFTY MILES TO THE KITIMAT SMELTER.



BEING INSTALLED IN THE UNDERGROUND KEMANO POWER-HOUSE: A CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE GENERATOR UNIT.



WHERE, JUST THREE YEARS AGO, THERE WAS ONLY A TINY INDIAN SETTLEMENT: KITIMAT, THE CENTRE OF "ALCAN'S" ALUMINIUM-REDUCTION PLANT.



A STRETCH OF THE 25-FT. WIDE, 10-MILE-LONG TUNNEL CONNECTING THE WATERS OF LAKE TAHTSA WITH THE KEMANO POWER-HOUSE, SHOWING THE 18-IN. CONCRETE LINING.

# THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S CANADIAN TOUR: VIEWS OF THE KEMANO-KITIMAT ALUMINIUM PROJECT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, WHICH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ARRANGED TO VISIT ON AUGUST 3.

On August 3 the Duke of Edinburgh arranged to visit one of Canada's most ambitious industrial development schemes—the Kemano-Kitimat Project, sponsored by the Aluminium Company of Canada ("ALCAN"). Starting operations this month, the project is eventually expected to result in the yearly production of 550,000 tons of aluminium, which now ranks as the most widely used non-ferrous metal in the world. Kitimat, at the head of the Douglas Channel in the Coast Mountains of British Columbia some 400 miles north of Vancouver, is the site of the aluminium smelter and the port for ships carrying alumina from Jamaica.

The power centre for the project is at Kemano, fifty miles from Kitimat, the transmission line travelling over Kildala Pass, 5300 ft. up. The power-house, large enough to hold the *Queen Elizabeth*, is in a cavern hollowed out of the base of Mt. DuBose and is connected by a 10-mile tunnel to the western end of Lake Tahtsa. The huge generators in the power-house will produce 450,000 h.p. at the first stage of the 2,240,000-h.p. programme. "ALCAN's" Kenney Dam, on the Nechako River, forms a 150-mile-long reservoir 2800 ft. above sea-level by impounding the waters of the chain of British Columbia mountain lakes.



## TO GREET THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: WHITEHORSE—AS IT WAS AND IS.



THE CAPITAL OF THE YUKON TERRITORY, WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS TO VISIT ON AUGUST 8: A VIEW OF WHITEHORSE, AS IT IS TO-DAY, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE AIRPORT HILL.



SHOWING THE TRAMWAY ROUND MILES CAÑON AND WHITEHORSE RAPIDS, AND LANDING PLACE OF YUKON STEAMBOATS, WITH *FLORA* LEAVING. A POLICE POST AT WHITEHORSE IN 1898. FROM OUR ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 11, 1899.



WITH TRAVELLERS CAMPED BY THE BANK AND GETTING THEIR GOODS CARRIED PAST THE "BAD WATER": THE WHITEHORSE RAPIDS DURING THE GOLD RUSH OF 1896-98. A DRAWING REPRODUCED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.



WHITEHORSE RAPIDS ON THE UPPER YUKON TO-DAY. THEY RECEIVED THEIR NAME BECAUSE OF THE "WHITE HORSES" FORMED BY WATER BOILING OVER ROCKS.



THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF THE YUKON TERRITORY SINCE 1951: WHITEHORSE, INCORPORATED A CITY IN 1950, WITH A MAYOR AND FOUR ALDERMEN; A VIEW OF MAIN STREET AND FIRST AVENUE.

The Duke of Edinburgh's Canadian Tour from July 29 to August 17 will take him to distant territories of the Dominion. On leaving Vancouver, his Royal Highness has arranged to fly to Whitehorse, capital of the Yukon Territory, and spend the night of August 8 there, when it is hoped that he will meet trappers, Indians and miners, as well as survivors of the Klondike Gold Rush who are coming from Dawson City to greet him. Whitehorse rapids proved fatal to many gold-seekers on the route to Klondike in the great Gold Rush of 1896-98, and our illustrations from *The Illustrated London News* of that period show aspects of life in those days. After many people had been drowned, tramways with wooden rails



ONE OF THE HISTORIC LANDMARKS OF WHITEHORSE: THE ANGLICAN CHURCH, BUILT OF LOGS AND DATING FROM 1900.

were laid on both sides of the Yukon round the stretches of "bad water" so that freight could be hauled to points where it was safe to re-embark; and a settlement sprang up at the terminal of the Whitehorse Rapids Tramway Service. In 1896 a narrow-gauge railway was begun under the name of White Pass Railway, and the community of Whitehorse may be said to date from the arrival of the first train on June 8, 1900. Whitehorse, incorporated a city in 1950, became the Yukon seat of Government in 1951, and now has a population of some 4500 and many amenities. Its historic landmarks include the log cabin of Sam McGee, who inspired Robert Service's poem, "The Cremation of Sam McGee."



## DAWSON CITY, YUKON: IN THE HECTIC GOLD RUSH DAYS—AND NOW.



DAWSON, "THE GOLDEN CITY" OF THE GOLD RUSH DAYS, AS IT WAS IN 1898: A VIEW SHOWING THE MANY TENTS OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES AND WOODEN HUTS OF WHICH IT WAS COMPOSED. A DRAWING PUBLISHED IN *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* OF APRIL 15, 1899.



(ABOVE.) SHOWING ITS SITUATION ON THE RIVER YUKON: A VIEW OF DAWSON CITY, THE SCENE OF THE HECTIC KLONDIKE GOLD RUSH, AS IT IS TO-DAY, A COMPARATIVELY DESERTED MINING TOWN.



GREETED BY AUXILIARY R.C.A.F. WOMEN ATTENDING A SUMMER CAMP: THE OLD PADDLE-STEAMER *KLONDIKE*, SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE FLOTILLA WHICH PLIED FROM WHITEHORSE TO DAWSON CITY—RECENTLY REFITTED.



THE FIRST STEAMER TO LEAVE DAWSON CITY WITH GOLD: THE *CHARLES H. HAMILTON*, A DRAWING BY JULIUS M. PRICE IN OUR ISSUE OF OCT. 29, 1898.



SHOWING A SMARTLY-DRESSED WOMAN AND ROUGH, BEARDED MEN AS OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JULIUS M. PRICE, SAW THEM; AND A POSTER WITH NEWS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR (RIGHT): DAWSON CITY IN JUNE 1898, FROM OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 1, 1898.

When the Duke of Edinburgh pays his visit on August 8 to Whitehorse, the capital of the Yukon Territory, survivors of the Gold Rush of 1896-98 will come from Dawson City, the former capital of the Yukon Territory, to greet his Royal Highness. During the Klondike Gold Rush Dawson City sprang into great prominence, and *The Illustrated London News* special artist, Julius M. Price, supplied us with a number of drawings illustrating life there. He gave an account of the crowds thronging the streets, how rough-bearded men jostled against



DAWSON CITY AS IT IS TO-DAY: A SPARSELY-INHABITED MINING TOWN: A VIEW OF THE MAIN STREET, SHOWING THE WOODEN SIDEWALK AND HOTEL PORTICO. SURVIVORS OF THE GOLD RUSH DAYS ARE TO GREET THE DUKE IN WHITEHORSE.

smartly-dressed women, and wrote that the *Charles H. Hamilton*, first steamer laden with gold to leave Dawson City (on June 24, 1898), carried, it was then rumoured, 3½ to 4 tons of gold, the largest amount which could be insured for transport in one vessel. The old paddle-steamer, *Klondike*, last survivor of the flotilla which plied between Whitehorse and Dawson City, will, it is hoped, be the scene of a tea-party in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh at Whitehorse.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## LAWN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ONE of the most hoary chestnut stories in connection with gardening must surely be the one about the American visiting Oxford. Impressed by the velvet quality of

the lawn in one of the college gardens, he asked the gardener what was the secret of producing such superlative turf. "Well, you just roll it and mow it, and roll it and mow it for 300 or 400 years, and in the end you get proper turf." A pleasant story impressing the hustler with our more leisurely, traditional ways of doing things, but complete nonsense, of course, in the light of modern methods of turf-craft. By correct and careful preparation of the soil, and by sowing the right grass seed, a perfect lawn may be achieved within twelve months, as good as, or possibly better than, the best that Oxford quads and gardens can show.

People's ideas and ideals of what a lawn should be like vary enormously. Many folk hold that perfect turf should consist of grass and nothing else, a fine pile of short, close, emerald grass, without a solitary daisy, or any other weed to spoil the effect. To me the effect of such lawns is a trifle monotonous. I can respect them as an achievement, but have no wish to emulate them. Too much like a public park in Heaven. A garden upholstered throughout with nothing but perfect all-grass emerald velvet turf would surely be as boring as a room or a whole house upholstered, curtained and carpeted with nothing but green velvet. Why not admit the rich variety of colour and texture that brocade, chintz and other fabrics would provide. If I had the time or the necessary labour, it might amuse me to have one perfect lawn of weedless turf. But I do not greatly long for this conceit. Without a suspicion of sour grapes, I am well content with my three lawns; two little ones and one which could not be called big—which are full of all sorts of jolly weeds, daisies, white clover, a plant with clover-like leaves, and minute heads of yellow clover-like flowers whose name I ought to know but don't, and so on. All through the summer my part-time gardener mows these lawns, religiously, regularly every Friday morning. When he has finished the operation they look grand, like a man who has just had a haircut, a shampoo and a shower bath, and changed into a party—a garden party—suit. But

in connection with the King and lawn weeds. Standing on the lawn, evidently on the day before lawn-mowing day, the King pointed to the thousands of daisy flowers and remarked: "I suppose those daisies are all wrong, but I must say they are rather jolly."

On one of my little lawns a newcomer has recently made a most welcome appearance, quite spontaneously. This is the wild British creeping thyme, *Thymus serpyllum*. It has come, evidently self-sown, from seed from plants in a sink rock garden standing at the edge of the lawn. There are a dozen or two patches of the thyme, some of them 4 or 5 yards from the parent sink. How seeds got carried that distance I can not imagine. But there they are, very flat and close, and one or two of them are even flowering in spite of the weekly mowing. It will be interesting to see to what extent these thyme plants will develop, and whether they will eventually seed and spread about still further. I feel very inclined to encourage the spread of the thyme population by planting a quantity of small, rooted specimens of the various forms of *T. serpyllum*, the crimson and the white-flowered, the woolly-leaved, and the one which turns to bright gold during the winter. Even if they never flower very much, their varying tones and shades of leaf colour should add further interest to the already mixed herbage.

Four or five years ago I treated this small lawn with a selective hormone weed-killer in order to exterminate some of the non-grass weeds. This it did

Although its heads of pink or white everlasting flowers could not escape the lawn mower, the plants should form close patches of delightfully silvery foliage, and help to throw any pure-grass-lawn experts and addicts who may come this way into a paroxysm of horror. The broadcasting of a few packets of seed of pink and white double daisies might give startling effects. As they are merely garden developments of the common lawn daisy



THE SMALL FORM OF CAT'S EAR: *ANTENNARIA DIOICA MINIMA*. ALTHOUGH THE PLANT IS ATTRACTIVE IN FLOWER, IT IS FOR THE CHARACTER OF ITS LEAVES, WITH THEIR BRILLIANT SILVERY REVERSE, THAT MR. ELLIOTT RECOMMENDS THAT IT SHOULD OCCASIONALLY BE ALLOWED TO "ESCAPE" INTO LESS FORMAL LAWNS.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

*Bellis perennis*, I see no reason why they should not flourish among their more modest ancestors, and competition with the lawn grasses should tend to curb any tendency on their part to over-exuberant vulgarity. If I find I do not like them it will be easy to widge them out, or give them a shot of hormone.

It is not my intention, however, to create a full-blooded Alpine-flowered lawn like the one which I described in an article on this page some time ago. It is to remain a grass-turf mown lawn, with a few experimental additions to supplement the native daisies, white clover and dwarfed buttercups, and the volunteer thymes which have sprung up.

In days gone by, Chamomile lawns were not uncommon, and a very pleasant form of sward they must surely have been, remaining green when severe drought would scorch grass turf brown, and apparently giving off a delicious aromatic fragrance when walked upon. There is, I understand, a Chamomile lawn in the garden of Buckingham Palace, but this I have never seen. Nor have I come across one anywhere else. The soil for a Chamomile should be on the light and sandy side, and it is necessary to raise a number of young plants and plant them about 6 ins. apart. This should not be difficult, for Chamomile, *Anthemis nobilis*, may be raised from seed, or established plants can be pulled to pieces into "Irishman's cuttings" and planted. Although such a lawn will stand up to a certain amount of wear and tear, it would not be suitable for continual heavy traffic. Whether it could be cut periodically with a lawn mower I am not certain. Probably an occasional shave with a scythe, just to mow down the flower stems, would be best. Probably the vogue for Chamomile lawns dates back to the days before we were blessed with lawn mowers. A grass lawn would need constant scything, while Chamomile would only need a very occasional trim.

The strangest type of turf I ever saw was on a golf course at the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal. The "turf" was composed of some species of sensitive plant, whose small pinnate leaves looked very like those of the well-known sensitive plant, *Mimosa pudica*, which at the slightest touch drop and fold together within a few seconds. The greens on the Panama golf course seemed to be composed entirely of close, prostrate sward of this sensitive plant. A golf ball being putted across a green left a definite track of folded leaves, which, however, soon recovered their composure and normal attitude.



"ON ONE OF MY LAWNS A NEWCOMER HAS RECENTLY MADE A MOST WELCOME APPEARANCE, QUITE SPONTANEOUSLY. THIS IS THE WILD BRITISH CREEPING THYME, *THYMUS SERPYLLUM*. . . THEIR VARYING TONES AND SHADES OF LEAF COLOUR SHOULD ADD FURTHER INTEREST TO THE ALREADY MIXED HERBAGE."

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

I confess I greatly prefer the lawns the following Wednesday and Thursday, by which time they have recovered an appearance of comfortable ease and become spangled with a pleasant crop of lawn-weed flowers.

Some years ago I was at Carberry Tower shortly after King George V had been staying there, and Lady Elphinstone told me of a delightful little incident

most efficiently, but the effect on some of the weeds, especially the plantains, was quite horrifying. It threw them into a sort of paroxysm of frenzied, contorted growth. They appeared to twist and writhe themselves to death. Never before had I imagined that I could feel almost sorry for a plantain. Almost.

Another carpeting plant which I feel inclined to try in this particular lawn is *Antennaria dioica*.



## FAVOURITE FLOWERS AND ROYAL SIGNATURES: R.H.S. EXHIBITS.



H.M. QUEEN CHARLOTTE (1744-1818), WIFE OF GEORGE III. PATRON, FEBRUARY 6, 1816. *Strelitzia augusta*, BY W. HOOKER (?)



H.R.H. GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES (1762-1830), PRINCE REGENT, 1811-1820. PATRON, JAN. 5, 1819. OLD-FASHIONED ROSES BY W. HOOKER.



H.M. KING GEORGE IV., WHO CAME TO THE THRONE IN 1820, AND WAS PRINCE REGENT, 1811-20. FRUIT AND BLOSSOM. UNSIGNED.



H.M. KING WILLIAM IV. (1765-1837), DUKE OF CLARENCE UNTIL HIS ACCESSION IN 1830. OAK WITH CARTER INSIGNIA BY MRS. WITHERS.



H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA (1819-1901). PATRON. PROBABLE DATE OF AUTOGRAPH 1837. THE *Victoria regia*, "GIANT WATER-LILY." UNSIGNED.



H.R.H. ALBERT, PRINCE CONSORT (1819-1861), ELECTED FELLOW, MARCH 17, 1840. ROSES AND THREE SPECIES OF *Coburgia*, RARE BULBS FROM SOUTH AMERICA. UNSIGNED.



H.R.H. ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES (1841-1910). KING EDWARD VII., 1901. ROSES AND THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS BY THERESA W. SMITH AND FANNY STOCK.



H.R.H. ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES (1844-1925), WIFE OF KING EDWARD VII. FORGET-ME-NOTS AND MIXED FLOWERS BY MRS. WITHERS.



H.M. KING GEORGE V. (1865-1936). PATRON, 1910, THE YEAR HE CAME TO THE THRONE. CARNATIONS AND ROSES BY FRANK SALISBURY, 1929.



H.M. QUEEN MARY (1867-1953), "PRINCESS MAY," WIFE OF KING GEORGE V. PATRON, 1910. ROSES BY E. A. BOWLES, 1920.



H.M. KING GEORGE VI. (1895-1952). PATRON, 1936, THE YEAR HE CAME TO THE THRONE. *Rhododendron Williamsianum* BY EMILY SARTAIN.



H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WIFE OF KING GEORGE VI. PATRON, 1936. MAGNOLIA, ROSES AND BUDDLEIA BY EMILY SARTAIN.

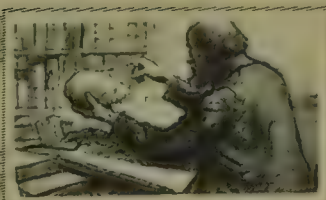
As part of the 150th anniversary celebrations of the Royal Horticultural Society an exhibition of manuscripts, books, drawings and other items belonging to the Society was on view in the Society's Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster, from July 28-30. A section which aroused much interest consisted of the vellum sheets, decorated with flower paintings, which were—and still are—chosen and signed by Royal patrons and Fellows from Queen Charlotte, consort of George III. onwards, and some of which are shown on this page. Queen Charlotte chose

*Strelitzia augusta*, named after her as the daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Later, H.R.H. Albert, Prince Consort, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and husband of Queen Victoria, chose roses and three species of *Coburgia*—rare bulbs from South America bearing his name—to decorate his vellum plate. The Prince Regent chose roses when he was Patron of the Society in 1819, but when he came to the throne as King George IV. he chose his favourite fruits. No date or artist's name is given for these, but they may be the work of W. Hooker.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### NO-MAN'S-LAND OF THE MIND.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

HOW far animals feel pain has been frequently debated in one form or another. No conclusion is ever reached, for a very good reason: we know too little of what goes on within the living animal. We can dissect the dead animal and lay bare its anatomy. We can watch the living animal in action and, by laborious deduction and test, gain a slight idea of the elementary principles of behaviour, but every jot and tittle so gained merely raises a crop of further questions. The analysis of emotions lies far along this road, and the best we can do is to look at the occasional sign-post and speculate. A partial answer may perhaps be gleaned from the very widespread phenomenon variously called shamming dead, playing possum, injury-feigning and falling into a state of catalepsy. All these must be regarded as related, if not facets of a single phenomenon.

As to feeling pain, so much depends upon the animal being considered. In that we have all gradations from the wasp, the head of which will continue feeding after the abdomen has been severed, to the higher mammals which appear to show signs of a distress similar to those we ourselves feel in similar circumstances. In the same way, there are all gradations between the two extremes of the process that may for convenience be called generically shamming dead. Here, it seems to me, we are in the no-man's-land between fear and belligerence, between pain and a disregard of it. The central figure in our survey of shamming dead must be the hog-snake of North America. A hog-snake, we are told, if disturbed by a potential enemy, will puff itself up, adopt a threatening posture and give an appearance of deadly execution to come, although it is, in fact, a harmless snake. Then, if this is unsuccessful, the snake will sham dead, lying on its back, apparently lifeless. There is a serio-comic sequel. If the snake shamming dead is turned over on to its belly it will immediately turn over on to its back. This may appear amusing to the human onlooker, but it makes sense biologically. The shamming dead is a reflex and must follow a predetermined pattern, including the belly-up position.

Even while we keep cats to rid our houses of mice, we have pangs at the sight of a cat playing with a mouse. There was an occasion when, hearing sounds of skirmishing in a room, I went in to find one of our two cats with a mouse. At that moment, the mouse was on the floor, apparently paralysed with fear, the cat sitting over it. With my entrance the cat picked up its prey and retreated, to drop the mouse again on the other side of the room. This time, as it touched the floor, the mouse sat on its haunches, head up,

round and return in due course to the nest without any sign then of feigned injury. A half-century ago this was construed as an intelligent action. To-day it is construed as the result of two conflicting reactions, the flight-reaction and the reaction to stay and guard the nest. That is, the impulse to escape and the impulse to stay being opposed and of fairly balanced intensity, the result is a partial paralysis, of a wing or a limb, producing the action known as injury-feigning.



A HOUSE-MOUSE GOES INTO AGGRESSIVE DISPLAY BEFORE ITS FORMIDABLE CAPTOR. IT MAY SOMETIMES HAPPEN THAT A MOUSE CAUGHT BY A CAT WILL ADOPT AN ATTITUDE WHICH APPEARS TO THE HUMAN EYE AS IF IT WERE PLEADING FOR ITS LIFE. IN FACT, IT EXPRESSES A BELLIGERENT MOOD, WHICH MAY ALTERNATE RAPIDLY WITH ONE OF PARALYSING FEAR.

Many beetles, and other insects, as well as many spiders, will, if disturbed, drop to the ground with the legs drawn up as in death. After a shorter or longer interval of time the insect or spider resumes normal activity. The cataleptic state simulating death is, at this level in the animal scale, a more or less simple reflex. Comparable reactions are of widespread occurrence as we ascend the scale from that point, in fishes, in frogs and toads, in lizards and snakes, in birds, and in mammals. As we go up the scale also, the pattern of this reaction tends to vary more and more at each level and, so it seems, appears more and more to come under conscious control. Expressing it in this way is to do no more than summarise all too briefly an involved and diversified phenomenon. At best, therefore, in order to amplify it one can but compare pairs of related animals. Ostriches belong to the lower level of birds. A parent ostrich will, if disturbed, slip off the nest feigning injury. If the danger passes, the ostrich resumes normality. If the disturber presses home the attack to close quarters,

the ostrich will, in all probability, go into an aggressive display and fight. The switch from the one to the others seems to be readily effected. A blackbird, in the higher levels of avian development, in place of feigning injury draws an enemy away from the nest by its noisy flight-reaction, but will as readily switch to aggression, against a cat or an owl. In the lower levels of the mammals, an opossum will sham dead, apparently as a simple and more or less invariable reaction. Higher in the mammalian scale, it is on record that an old male hyena, if attacked by a pack of dogs, will sham dead, giving no sign of life, no matter what the dogs may do to it, but jumping up and racing away the moment an opportunity occurs. To all appearance the behaviour of the hyena is intelligent, and it may yet transpire that this is, in fact, the case. The more likely explanation is that both the shamming dead and the escape are, like the injury-feigning and the aggression of the ostrich, the behaviour of the hog-snake, and all the other examples known, the result of a simple switch from a negative phase of fear through a neutral phase of catalepsy or other state of partial or complete inactivity, to a positive phase (of aggression or flight). We might compare this with the better-known action of putting a motor-car from normal running into reverse.

A clue to the understanding of this neutral phase may be seen in the work of the machine which measures the electric impulses passing through the brain. It is found, by the aid of this machine, that the brain cells can deal with normal matters in a normal way, but if the impulses a particular brain-centre has to deal with become too involved, its nerve-cells go out of action. The action is like that of an individual who, finding present circumstances of life too involved, goes into a faint. Or the man who, with too many tasks to perform in a limited time, ends by doing none.

The purpose in discussing the injury-feigning, shamming dead, and the rest, as well as their relation to aggressive action and escape-reactions, is to suggest the possible existence of this neutral phase between them. It has some bearing on the problem of pain.

I looked out of an upstairs window one day to see our two cats crouched at either end of a slender earthenware drainpipe. Clearly a mouse or vole was inside, for at intervals one or the other would put a paw into the pipe. It was not possible to intervene for some time, during which the cats patiently awaited the ultimate capture of their victim. Most of the rest of the story is speculation, but one could imagine,



THE WAITING GAME PLAYED BY A PAIR OF CATS AT A DRAINPIPE. INSIDE, THE VICTIM, MOUSE OR VOLE, IS FACED WITH A TWIN MENACE, AN OVERWHELMING SITUATION WHICHEVER WAY IT LOOKS. AT SUCH MOMENTS THE BRAIN RESPONDS BY GOING INTO A NEUTRAL GEAR. IN THIS INSTANCE, THE VICTIM INSIDE THE PIPE IS PROBABLY IN A STATE OF CATALEPSY, OR SOMETHING RESEMBLING IT. THIS SOOTHES AND REMOVES AN ACTIVE FEELING OF FEAR AND ALSO KEEPS THE ANIMAL STILL, IN WHICH LIES ITS GREATEST CHANCE OF SAFETY. [Drawings by Jane Burton.]

with its fore-paws raised, as if asking for mercy. It was a piteous sight, and one on which I have often thought. The explanation, as I now understand it, is that this was the typical aggressive attitude for the house-mouse. So we have here the quick-change from the paralysis of fear to the mouse actually showing fight to its formidable opponent.

Many ground-nesting birds, when disturbed while incubating, will slip off the nest and run away with a wing trailing or some appearance of injury. The effect on the predator, it is always assumed, is to attract it towards an apparently easy prey, the injured parent, so drawing it away from the nest. That end accomplished, the parent bird will circle

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for a mouse crouched in the centre of the pipe, the twin menace would be well-nigh unendurable if the brain was not capable of entering a neutral phase, akin to a catalepsy. Certainly, when I did intervene, the mouse ran out and escaped with vigour. One could imagine it might have been capable also of aggressive action. The neutral phase is the saving phase in the conflict between fear and fighting. With animals, especially, it may be the normal buffer against feeling acute pain.

This is speculation, certainly, but our studies of emotional behaviour are epitomised in this incident. We are having to guess what goes on inside a drainpipe by what we can see happening outside it.



# THE FISH THAT SWALLOWED A FISH 90,000,000 YEARS AGO: A UNIQUE FOSSIL.



THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED OF 90,000,000 YEARS AGO, FOSSILISED IN THE INSTANT OF SEIZURE: A 6-FT. FISH (*GILLICUS ARACUATUS*) LYING IN THE STOMACH OF A 14-FT. FISH (*PORTHEUS MOLOSSUS*—A UNIQUE FOSSIL DISCOVERED IN THE KANSAS CHALK BEDS IN GOVE COUNTY, KANSAS, U.S.A.)



THE FISH-WITHIN-A-FISH FOSSIL, AS IT WAS UNCOVERED *IN SITU* IN THE KANSAS CHALK. IT WAS UNCOVERED BY MR. GEORGE F. STERNBERG, CURATOR OF FORT HAYS KANSAS STATE COLLEGE MUSEUMS, WHO IS SHOWN ON THE EXTREME LEFT, WITH A BRUSH IN HIS HAND. BOTH SKELETONS ARE IN AN EXCELLENT STATE OF PRESERVATION.

WESTERN KANSAS, in particular, is famous among fossil hunters and palaeontologists for its fossil-bearing deposits of chalk. This "Kansas chalk" contains many shells, skeletons of long-extinct fishes, remains of the great swimming reptiles, flying reptiles like the pterodactyls, and even some ancient water birds. In May 1952 a collector working under Dr. Bobb Schaeffer, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, uncovered part of the fossilised tail of a large fish, *Porthus molossus*. As this species was not required, the uncovering was not proceeded with. In June, however, of that year, Mr. George F. Sternberg, Curator of the Fort Hays Kansas State College Museums, later examined the fossil further and discovered that not only was the large fish skeleton complete, but that within the stomach cavity lay the most perfect skeleton of *Gillicus aracuatus* so far collected. A plaster cast was taken, and then Mr. Sternberg, with the assistance of eight members of the faculty of the college, took up the specimen and transported it to the museum, where it is now exhibited. Although not the largest skeletons



THE ONLY CLOSE EXTANT RELATIVE OF THE *PORTHEUS* AND *GILLICUS* OF 90,000,000 YEARS AGO: THE EAST INDIAN DORAB (*CHIROCENTRUS*), A LONG, SLENDER, HERRING-LIKE FISH. [Photograph by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).]

of their kind known, they are without a doubt the best preserved, and, in the form in which they have survived, no doubt unique. It would seem that within a very few moments of swallowing *Gillicus*—and before digestion had proceeded very far—*Porthus* must have died and fallen to the bottom to be fossilised. Both fishes are distantly related to the tarpon, but their only extant close relative is the dorab, a long, slender, herring-like fish from the East Indies.

The two upper photographs are reproduced by courtesy of Mr. George F. Sternberg and the Fort Hays Kansas State College Museums.



## SOME PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK, AND NEW GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS.



**SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES: MR. ALAN T. LENNOX-BOYD.**

Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, who has been Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation since 1952, has succeeded Mr. Oliver Lyttelton as Colonial Secretary. Mr. Lennox-Boyd was formerly Minister of State at the Colonial Office and he has now returned to the sphere of work in which he was always most interested.



**FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY: MR. HENRY BROOKE.**

Mr. Henry Brooke, who succeeds Mr. Boyd-Carpenter as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, has been an outstanding Conservative back-bencher in three Parliaments. Educated at Marlborough and Balliol College, Oxford, he is M.P. for Hampstead and has been a member of London County Council since 1945.



**PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY, MINISTRY OF SUPPLY: SIR EDWARD BOYLE.**

Sir Edward Boyle, Bart., who, at the age of thirty, has been promoted to the Government front bench as Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Supply, in succession to Mr. Low, was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Ministry of Defence from 1952 until 1953.



**A LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY: MR. R. H. THOMPSON.**

Mr. R. H. M. Thompson, who becomes a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury and Government Whip, has been an Assistant Whip (unpaid) since 1952. His appointment fills a vacancy caused when Mr. T. G. D. Galbraith became Comptroller of the Household in June in succession to Mr. Conant.



**MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES: MR. D. HEATHCOAT-AMORY.**

Among the new Government appointments announced on July 28 was that of Mr. Heathcoat-Amory, who has succeeded Sir Thomas Dugdale as Minister of Agriculture. He was formerly Minister of State at the Board of Trade, where he had been since last September.



**MINISTER OF TRANSPORT AND CIVIL AVIATION: MR. J. A. BOYD-CARPENTER.**

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, successor to Mr. Lennox-Boyd as Minister of Transport, has been Financial Secretary to the Treasury since 1951. He was educated at Stowe and Balliol College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar, Middle Temple, in 1934. He is M.P. for Kingston-on-Thames.



**RESIGNED AS COLONIAL SECRETARY: MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON.**

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, who had asked to resign from his office in order to return to private life, had been Secretary of State for the Colonies since 1951. He was President of the Board of Trade, 1940-41, and Minister of State and member of the War Cabinet, 1942-45.



**SUBMITTED RESIGNATION AS ATTORNEY-GENERAL: SIR L. HEALD.**

Sir Lionel Heald, Q.C., Attorney-General since 1951, said at Virginia Water, Surrey, on July 28 that he had placed his resignation in the hands of the Prime Minister. He had already hinted last April that he might resign if he found the task getting too strenuous.



**MINISTER OF STATE, BOARD OF TRADE: MR. A. R. W. LOW.**

Mr. A. R. W. Low, who succeeds Mr. Heathcoat-Amory as Minister of State at the Board of Trade, has been Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Supply, since 1951. Educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, he was called to the Bar in 1939. He is M.P. for Blackpool North.



**RETIRED FROM HOUSE OF COMMONS: SIR F. METCALFE.**

Mr. Crookshank, Leader of the House, moved in the Commons on July 29 that the Speaker be asked to convey to Sir Frederick Metcalfe, who has retired as Clerk of the House, its appreciation of the exemplary manner in which he had, for thirty-five years, discharged his duties.

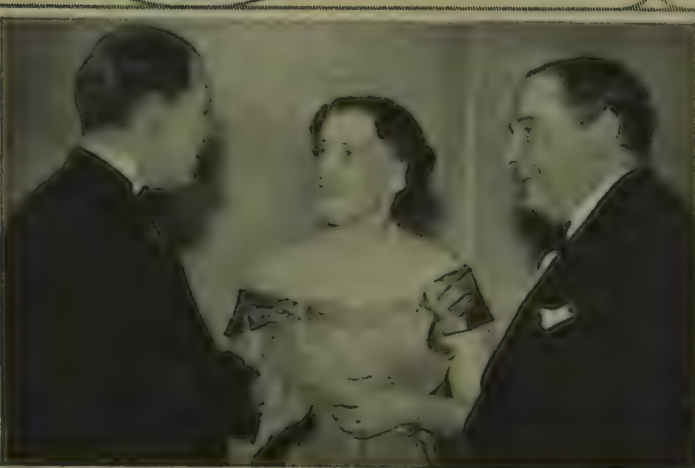


**DIED ON JULY 30: WINIFRED, DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.**

Winifred, Duchess of Portland, D.B.E., who was ninety-one, was the widow of the sixth Duke. Our picture is reproduced from *The Illustrated London News*, June 15, 1889. She was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Alexandra. Passionately fond of animals, she was an active member of the R.S.P.C.A. for many years.

**APPOINTED CLERK OF THE HOUSE: MR. E. A. FELLOWES**

Mr. E. A. Fellowes, Clerk-Assistant, the House of Commons, since 1948, has been appointed to the Office of Clerk of the House of Commons in succession to Sir F. Metcalfe. Mr. Fellowes was Second Clerk-Assistant from 1937 to 1948. He first went to the Commons in 1919 as an Assistant Clerk.



**AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S ANNUAL DINNER: MR. D. BOWES-LYON (LEFT) WITH SIR THOMAS AND LADY DUGDALE.** Among the guests at the 150th anniversary dinner given by the Royal Horticultural Society at the Savoy Hotel on July 27 were Sir Thomas and Lady Dugdale, seen with Mr. David Bowes-Lyon, who last year succeeded the late Lord Aberconway as the Society's President.



**DIED ON JULY 28: MRS. BORGE ROHDE.**

Mrs. Borge Rohde, who was U.S. Minister to Denmark, 1933-36, was sixty-eight. During World War I, she served as a British V.A.D. in Egypt and Palestine (having married a British subject). From 1929 until 1933 she represented the fourth district of Florida in the House of Representatives.



**TO TAKE OVER COVENTRY'S CIVIL DEFENCE DUTIES: THE COMMISSION APPOINTED BY THE HOME SECRETARY.**

The three Commissioners appointed by the Home Secretary to take over Coventry's Civil Defence duties, which the City Council refused to undertake, are shown above. They are (l. to r.) Miss Mary Gray, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Bromet and Major-General J. B. Dalison.



## HAZARDS OF DINGHY-RACING: SOME THRILLS AND SPILLS OF A POPULAR SPORT.



BOATS OF THE INTERNATIONAL 14-FT. DINGHY CLASS, FOR LONG A POPULAR FORM OF RACING CRAFT: ON A BREEZY DAY AT AN ENGLISH REGATTA.



SAILING A *HORNET*-CLASS DINGHY IN ROUGH WEATHER: THE YACHTSMAN HAS HIS SLIDING SEAT FULLY EXTENDED, AND HIS WEIGHT AGAINST IT, TO PREVENT CAPSIZING.



DITCHED! A *HORNET*-CLASS DINGHY WHICH HAD OVERTURNED AT A SCOTTISH REGATTA, WITH HER CREW IN THE WATER, BUT OBVIOUSLY UNPERTURBED BY THE MISHAP.

In the past, yachting was considered to be, above all other forms of sport, the particular preserve of the rich man; but to-day, with the passing of the big yachts, a far wider public have become enthusiastic for sailing; and dinghy-racing is now enjoyed by the many—though, of course, the 14-ft. International class were popular before the war. In the spring sixty dinghies took part in the eighteenth annual race for the Ranelagh National Trophy—an indication

of the number of yachtsmen who sail these small craft; and last year, when 145 boats started for the Burton Cup at Forbay, *The Times* yachting correspondent noted that it would have "rejoiced the heart" of the late Sir William Burton, a former President of the Royal Yachting Association, who originated this event (the championship trophy for the national 12-ft. Dinghy class) if he could have seen how its popularity has increased.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## DARK AND BRIGHT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

**A** CELL in one of Her Majesty's prisons," says the Cambridge Theatre programme. It is the condemned cell. We guess this at once from the title of the play, "Murder Story," and from the setting of the final scene "at about 8.30 a.m." The last scene, mercifully, is not in the cell, but we are harrowed enough in the living-room of the condemned boy's parents. It is hardly, you will gather, a cheerful piece. A dramatist who takes us to the condemned cell, as Ludovic Kennedy does, can either be writing the more flamboyant melodrama, or else striking out with the purposeful play, the play that seeks to remedy a wrong. He can also, of course, be Shakespeare. We remember Claudio in "Measure for Measure":—

The miserable have no other medicine  
But only hope;  
I have hope to live, and am prepared  
to die.

And we remember the Duke's reply: "Be absolute for death; either death or life Shall thereby be the sweeter."

Mr. Kennedy is not Shakespeare. He is not intentionally a melodramatist, though from time to time he steps over the border. This is, from the first, an attacking play: it lunges out at capital punishment, and Mr. Kennedy—choose your weapon—thrusters or punches hard. He does not let the other fellow do much hitting (as we feel Galsworthy might have done if he had been treating the theme).

"Murder Story" is intended to prove its case without complication. At the evening's end the dramatist stands above our prostrate forms and almost defies us to complain.

It is good in the theatre to meet a dramatist who feels intensely, and who is resolved to make us feel as well. Once Mr. Kennedy has got the early explanations over, and has us in the condemned cell with the illiterate boy who has been the tool of a young thug (now in the cell next door), we are kept anxious until the tale is told. We know what the end must be, but we are prepared, with a deadly fascination, to observe Mr. Kennedy's uncompromising resolution of his uncompromising theme.

The first-night applause rang out across Seven

life seems to start freshly for him in the cell that must be his last home. The sternest scene is when the Governor appears with news that a

stone: the other condemned man, the real criminal (for five minutes Frank Pendlebury chills the stage). Maybe Mr. Kennedy holds that in this character we have the other side of the argument. But, as the play proceeds, we have hardly a moment to think of the man in the second cell. Attention is concentrated sharply upon the boy Jim.

We shall wait hopefully for Mr. Kennedy's next work. He is a fighter; and he is not likely to turn aside into a snug cul-de-sac and discover at the end of it a little piece for five people in a flat, with nothing to talk of but their petty pairing. Even so, he may relax a little: we can hardly expect a condemned cell in every play. As Macbeth said on quite another occasion, "No more sights!"

After this the piece called "Meet A Body" (Duke of York's) is like a few days at the seaside. The title seems to hint that we should take our seats "with soul intent on Death and Dread and Doom." True, there is a body in a grand piano—at least we see an arm that hangs limply over the side—but we are not bothered about it for a moment. We can take anything when Brian Reece is on the stage, either demonstrating with magnificent nonchalance a vacuum-cleaner about which he knows less than we do, or else gibbering at the sight of pools of blood and stray corpses. He appears to be saying, "How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?" and the more he is

appalled the better we like it.

Mr. Reece, a comforting actor, seems to grow as we watch him, just as Kean seemed to grow when in "Othello" he dwarfed Junius Brutus Booth. The



"THIS IS, FROM THE FIRST, AN ATTACKING PLAY: IT LUNGES OUT AT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT": "MURDER STORY" (CAMBRIDGE), BY LUDOVIC KENNEDY, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH THE GOVERNOR TELLS JIM THAT THE APPEAL HAS FAILED. (L. TO R.) PRISON OFFICER GRAVES (KENNETH OUTWIN), GOVERNOR OF THE PRISON (DEERING WELLS), CHIEF OFFICER BRIGGS (ARTHUR HOSKING), THE CHAPLAIN (CHARLES STAPLEY), JIM TANNER (DONALD BRADLEY) AND PRISON OFFICER BARTHOLOMEW (CAMPBELL COPELIN).

reprieve is refused. At once we can hear Wilde's ballad:—

For Man's grim Justice goes its way,  
And will not swerve aside:  
It slays the weak, it slays the strong,  
It has a deadly stride.

None will doubt Mr. Kennedy's passionate sincerity. He has, too, the makings of a powerful dramatist. "Murder Story," which derives from a notorious case of a few years ago, is never just a "shocker." I wish Mr. Kennedy had not blurred it by taking some of his characters from stock. Dad and Mum are like so many theatrical Dads and Mums, and they are acted painstakingly as bits of "character." This may be why the play seems at first to haunt melodrama and

does not really rise above it until we reach the prison. Mr. Kennedy—here we are reminded inevitably of "Now Barabbas"—succeeds with the warders and the prison chaplain (a fine, unfussed performance by Charles Stapley), and he makes something of the condemned youth whom Donald Bradley presents with care. When the evening began I feared for a few moments—wrongly as it happened—that the part would resemble one of those theatrical half-wits of whom, a few years back, we had far too many. Fortunately, this was much better.

There is a small, telling study of something found under a



"HERE, FOR ONCE, IS AN UNPRETENTIOUS PIECE THAT DOES MANAGE TO MIX LAUGHTER WITH WATER-ON-THE-SPINE": "MEET A BODY," BY FRANK LAUNDER AND SIDNEY GILLIAT (DUKE OF YORK'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH ALLAN (PATRICK GARGILL) SHOULDER THE TITLE-ROLE BENEATH THE EYES OF MR. HAWKINS (DUNCAN LEWIS). THE PLAY IS DIRECTED BY HENRY KENDALL.

thought may not have occurred to Mr. Reece. Let me say hastily that he is the very best kind of companion to have when corpses are littering a house in St. John's Wood, and radio sets are likely to explode at a small inn by the sea. The authors, Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, have not worried about probability. They have merely let Mr. Reece have his head. Do not ask why the student of old clocks wants to blow up the Member of Parliament. In fact, if you are wise, do not ask anything, but take the play as it comes.

Watch Mr. Reece as he side-steps blandly, murmuring the while; watch Joy Shelton as she goes bravely from St. John's Wood into the unknown; watch William Kendall as he impersonates a ramrod; and watch Julien Mitchell as he copes resignedly with one of the most troubled landlords in stage record.

Here, for once, is an unpretentious piece that does manage to mix laughter with water-on-the-spine. Henry Kendall has produced it with obvious pleasure in its nonsense, the whole bag of tricks. And, finally, do not allow the contents of the grand piano to weight your mind. I ought not, I suppose, to let any cats out of any bags, but this—No! On second thoughts you will prefer to meet the body unbriefed.



"AN AMIABLE AFFAIR THAT ENDEAVOURS TO BE ENTERTAINING AND SUCCEEDS": "MEET A BODY," SHOWING A DRAMATIC MOMENT TOWARDS THE END OF THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) MR. HAWKINS (DUNCAN LEWIS), WILLIAM (BRIAN REECE), MR. BOUGHTFLOWER (CYRIL CHAMBERLAIN), LANDLORD (JULIEN MITCHELL), JOAN WOOD (DOROTHY GORDON) AND SIR GREGORY UPSHOT (LLOYD PEARSON). ON THE STAIRS (L. TO R.) ANN (JOY SHELTON) AND LILLY (BARBARA LEIGHT).

Dials. The audience was in shreds. Handkerchiefs dripped. But as I came out, I could not help wondering whether Mr. Kennedy had not piled it on too much. This was eloquent special pleading, but I could have done without the father's weak heart, the pregnant sister, the victim's forgiving wife. These trimmings made the play less truthful, more theatrical. We might accept it in the theatre (one victory for the dramatist), but what about the journey home? Does the play persuade for longer than its two and a half hours?

The most impressive scene is when the condemned boy, who can neither read nor write, is taught to read by a warder, and

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MEET A BODY" (Duke of York's).—Yes, do. The body is in St. John's Wood—at least it should be. Before the night is out you will find yourself at a small hotel on the South Coast, looking for bombs in radio sets. This is a "thriller," by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, that would often like to be a farce. Thanks to Brian Reece, it has its wish, but Mr. Reece can keep the excitement going as well, and so do most of the players in an amiable affair that endeavours to be entertaining, and succeeds. (July 21.)

"LIGHT FANTASTIC" (King's, Hammersmith).—This revue is, so to speak, too small for its boots. You cannot really be intimate on the Hammersmith stage, though the cast—led by Donald Monat—does its best and goes through some moderately amusing exercises as well as some luckless ones. The best thing is a mime by Philip Sherman (how to behave in a cafeteria), and there is also a number about a "Teddy-boys' picnic" that is both telling and uncomfortable. The whole business would go better on a small club stage. (July 21.)

"MURDER STORY" (Cambridge).—Every playgoer, in the course of his career, reaches a condemned cell. I doubt whether he will have a more harassing experience than at the Cambridge, where Ludovic Kennedy is attacking capital punishment. "Murder Story" is a broadsword lunge against the present system. The dramatist's sincerity gets the play across in the theatre, though when the curtain is down one begins to doubt. Acting is competent, and in one character, the chaplain (Charles Stapley), more than competent. (July 22.)





MODERN BEACH FASHIONS FOR YOUNG WOMEN FORESHADOWED BY FOURTH-CENTURY ROMAN ARTISTS: MOSAICS REPRESENTING GIRLS IN "BIKINIS," FROM PIAZZA ARMERINA. Girl gymnasts in garments which foreshadow modern beach fashions depicted on Roman mosaics excavated at Piazza Armerina, Sicily, were illustrated in our issues of December 22, 1951, and March 8, 1952. Here we give further examples of these remarkable mosaics showing girls at play.



SOLD AT KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY'S, FOR £1,550: A PAIR OF CHASED ORMOLU THREE-LIGHT CANDELABRA, WITH FOLIATED BRANCHES, EACH ENCLOSING A MEISSEN FIGURE OF A THRUSH, C. 1740. THE BIRDS ARE 8 INS. HIGH, AND THE TOTAL HEIGHT IS 14 INS.



"SAMSON SLAYING A PHILISTINE"; BY GIOVANNI BOLOGNA (1524-1608), A FINE MARBLE GROUP ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, AND NOW ON VIEW.

"Samson Slaying a Philistine" the finest example of the work of Giovanni Bologna outside Italy, acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum with the aid of the National Art-Collections Fund, has been cleaned and repaired; and is now on view. It originally surmounted a fountain in the Casino dei Semplici, Florence, and seems to have been commissioned by Cosimo dei Medici c. 1566. In 1607 the fountain of Samson was presented

## THE ART WORLD: MODERN FASHIONS IN ROMAN MOSAICS, AND MUSEUM AND SALE ROOM NEWS.



PRESENTED TO THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL, BY THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY: "THE INFANTA ISABELLA-CLARA-EUGENIA," BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK. The Royal Insurance Company have presented to the Walker Art Gallery the portrait of "The Infanta Isabella-Clara-Eugenia, Archduchess of Austria and Regent of the Netherlands" (1566-1633), by Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641), which was formerly in the collection of the Marquess of Linlithgow. This fine work was painted between 1627 and 1632 and is one of several versions by Van Dyck, the Infanta's Court Painter. The sitter, daughter of Philip II. of Spain, is shown wearing the habit of the Poor Clares, the Order which she entered after the death of her husband. The painting was exhibited at the recent R.A. Flemish Exhibition.



"SAMSON SLAYING A PHILISTINE," ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BOLOGNA GROUP ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT FROM SIR WILLIAM WORSLEY, OF HOVINGHAM HALL.

by the Grand Duke Ferdinando dei Medici to the Duke of Lerma, Prime Minister of Philip III. of Spain, and taken to Valladolid. In 1623 Philip IV. gave it to Charles, Prince of Wales, who gave it to the Duke of Buckingham. It was moved to the hall of Buckingham House after Buckingham's murder, and some time after George III. acquired this house, in 1762, it was given, by him to Sir Thomas Worsley.



# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## JOLLY GOOD SHOWS.

By ALAN DENT.

IT gladdens and relieves me to see that several of the best film-critics now dismiss as "academic" the old objection that a film adapted from a popular play should nowhere suggest its origin. I have ever maintained—and shall go on maintaining, though no longer in a minute minority—that it is an objection which can apply only to Shakespeare and unfiled—and possibly unfiled—master dramatists such as Strindberg and Pirandello and Ibsen and the Greeks.

There have just arrived together two films made out of two popular plays, each of which was good, long-running entertainment, but neither of which could be called a masterpiece of drama. Sensibly their play-titles have been maintained. They are "Seagulls over Sorrento" and "Dial M for Murder." Each is so like the original play that each is likely to repeat the play's success and therefore to serve a wholesome function of the cinema—which is, to carry a worth-while and exciting little drama into innumerable and remote parts of the habitable globe which would never hope to see even an inadequate flesh-and-blood performance. This means Carmarthen and Clackmannan and County Clare as well as the Dakotas, Sark (if Sark has a cinema) and Bechuanaland. Such a play may in this form even ultimately reach São Paulo and Sumatra and Sorrento itself!

The Boulting Brothers, who produced and directed "Seagulls," had an immediate problem to face at the outset. The play, by Hugh Hastings, ran for nearly four years in London, but failed instantaneously in New York, where it was summarily dismissed as a play about unintelligible British service-life (just as the huge American success, "Mister Roberts," failed to register over here). How could the authors of the screen-play, Frank Harvey and Roy Boulting, make the nautical atmosphere breathable in the U.S.A., where the stage-play failed? The remedy was plain. Introduce three Americans to that experimental Scottish island

than this newly-arrived big Butch, and let him take what is coming to him!

It all works out far better than one had hoped when one read about the transmogrification before seeing the film. Mr. Kelly never even for one split second looks like breaking out into a song and dance. He gives, in fact, a remarkably sound and serious performance of a young scientist-turned-sailor who has

drama, in the spring of 1952. Soon after came the London stage version, which I duly saw and reviewed. Early in 1953 I was taken by an American critic in Paris to see a new crime-play called "Crime Parfait," which turned out to be none other than this one in French. At the end of the same year I saw the Broadway version in New York, with Maurice Evans as the all-but-perfect murderer. And now here is Mr. Hitchcock's film, with Ray Milland in the rôle, with Grace Kelly as the wife, Robert Cummings as her former lover, Anthony Dawson as the killer who gets slain with his victim's scissors, and John Williams as the best detective of the entire five or six I have seen. May I now, please, dial M for anything else—say, for Mercy's Sake?

Mr. Hitchcock is largely content to give us the play's full sinister impact, and realising that it is a drama happening in a room and that we need go no further out of the room than the staircase outside the door, under whose matting the all-important key of the door is concealed, he keeps us nearly all the time within the same four walls. Only the film-purist, as I began by saying, is going to object to this. The details of the murder are plausibly worked out. I still think—and shall go on thinking—that it is not very likely that a lady who was already half-strangled by a man standing behind her would have either the presence of mind or the physical strength to stab him in the small of the back with a pair of scissors which are

not actually in her hands at the moment she is attacked. (The film version only heightens this implausibility by showing the hired assassin clad in a quite thick gaberdine overcoat.) Also I take leave to wonder, at every version that has come under my gaze, how the wife can so meekly consent to retire to her room alone after the attack, without waiting for either doctor or police, and so allowing her husband to lay his trail of red herrings and false clues in the other room—a husband, be it noted, whom she has not yet begun to suspect!



MR. HITCHCOCK'S FILM OF "FREDERICK KNOTT'S UNENDING MONEY-MAKER, SPINE-CHILLER, AND ALARM-CREATOR": "DIAL M FOR MURDER" (WARNER BROS.), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH TONY WENDICE (RAY MILLAND) IS INTERROGATED BY INSPECTOR HUBBARD (JOHN WILLIAMS) IN THE PRESENCE OF MARK HALLIDAY (ROBERT CUMMINGS—CENTRE). (WARNER THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, JULY 15.)

taken on an experimental job of the gravest consequence and responsibility. And his two assistants from the very first moment of their arrival on the little island ("Say, which one of the British Isles is this?") mingle uneasily, which, in comedy terms, means amusingly, with their scornful but willing-to-be-friendly cousins.

To my taste there is in the film rather too much technical stuff about "propulsion units" and their complicated construction. However, young ladies

are unlikely to yawn at these sequences, since they afford close-up views of Mr. Kelly's features looking grave and responsible when he has to cope not only with scientific problems but also with the ethical problem of wearing down the insular opposition and resentment of another officer. And all sorts of other film-goers will welcome the evidence that Mr. Kelly can certainly play other things than an American in Paris setting the Seine on fire with his twinkling feet. In "Seagulls" one does not so much as see his feet: Most of the play's wit and fun come over very well. So does the pathos of the suspenseful scene near the end when it looks as though Lofty (the admirable Bernard Lee again) is not going to return from the dangerous expedition for which he has cheated during the drawing of the lots. And there is one delicious new moment when the two American matelots speculate that the English Commander will congratulate them on their

success in the engine-room with the words "Jolly good show!" in a *feah-ful* accent which they try to imitate, and when they are interrupted and silenced by the entrance of the Commander, who gazes at what they have done and immediately remarks:—"Jolly good show!"

If I repeat exactly that same remark about "Dial M for Murder," and about the jolly good but jolly protracted film which Alfred Hitchcock has now made of it, it is not without a feeling of relief that there is now hardly any other entertainment-form—short of ice spectacle—in which Frederick Knott's unending money-maker, spine-chiller, and alarm-creator can now reappear. I first set eyes on it, as a television



FROM THE PLAY BY HUGH HASTINGS WHICH RAN FOR NEARLY FOUR YEARS IN LONDON: "SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH (L. TO R.) SPROG SIMS (RAY JACKSON), BUTCH CLELLAND, U.S. NAVY (JEFF RICHARDS), SHORTY KARMINSKY, U.S. NAVY (FREDD WAYNE) AND CHARLIE BADGER (SIDNEY JAMES) LISTEN SADLY AS LOFTY TURNER (BERNARD LEE) READS THE LAST LETTER WRITTEN BY ONE OF THEIR COLLEAGUES WHO HAS BEEN KILLED IN A TORPEDO EXPERIMENT. (EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, JULY 15.)

nicknamed Sorrento, for the ironic reason that it was bleak, remote, storm-isolated, sun-avoided, and all the things that the Italian siesta-town is not. Let the experimental officer who comes along, when the first one has disastrously failed in his tests with a new torpedo, be none other than that popular new torpedo, Mr. Gene Kelly, and let his two able-bodied henchmen be two types of American matelot as we know him, one the dead spit and the other the image. Let one of these be called Shorty and the other Butch, and see if these can be made to fit in with our old friends Lofty and Haggis and Sprog and Badger the cook. Better still, let the guy who ran away with Badger's wife at "Pompey" in the long ago be none other



"FILMGOERS WILL WELCOME THE EVIDENCE THAT MR. KELLY CAN CERTAINLY PLAY OTHER THINGS THAN AN AMERICAN IN PARIS SETTING THE SEINE ON FIRE WITH HIS TWINKLING FEET": "SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO" (M-G-M.), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH COMMANDER SINCLAIR (PATRICK BARR—RIGHT) TELLS LIEUTENANT BRADVILLE, U.S. NAVY (GENE KELLY—LEFT), AND LIEUTENANT WHARTON (JOHN JUSTIN) THAT THE ADMIRALTY HAS DECIDED THAT THE EXPERIMENTS SHOULD CEASE.

But still, and when all possible queries have been answered or left unanswered, Mr. Knott's play is excellent of its class. It is one of the very best contemporary proofs of the fact that the best-laid schemes of mice and murderers can "gang a-gley." It was wise of Mr. Hitchcock to let Mr. Knott write his own screen play and keep most of his dialogue. I missed only one thing—the detective's remark early on that the case was rather a bore because he had promised his wife to paint the kitchen that week-end. This not only made this good detective rounded and alive—it also gave you a sudden, imaginary but vivid glimpse of the one person in his world who could easily master, outwit, override, or see through this man of criminology—to wit, his missus.



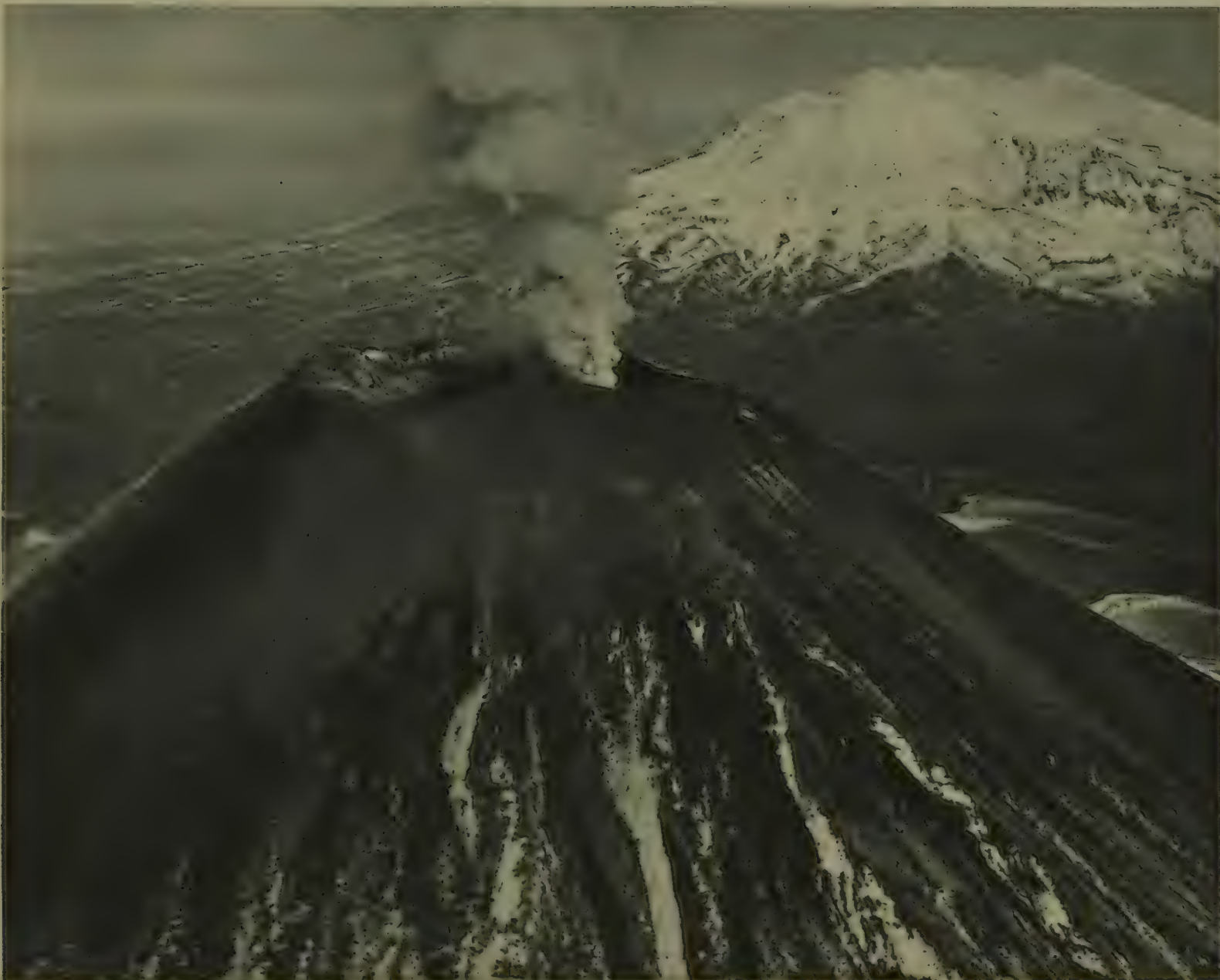
# LOOKING INTO THE MOUTH OF MT. NGAURUHOE: AN N.Z. VOLCANO IN ERUPTION.

**I**N the first week of June, Mt. Ngauruhoe (7515 ft.), one of the most notable summits of the group of volcanic mountains in the centre of North Island, New Zealand, which constitute the Tongariro National Park, began a period of intense volcanic activity—the most violent, it is thought, of this century. On June 4 New Zealand scientists circled the crater in an aircraft and reported that lava and rocks were being hurled into the air while burning lava was pouring down the western slopes, leaving a black trail some 2000 to 3000 ft. long, and at night the glow above the crater could be seen fifty miles away. On June 6, the flow of lava, alternated with fiercer bursts, gave way to a steady outpouring

*[Continued below, right.]*



(RIGHT.)  
LOOKING DOWN INTO THE CRATER OF MT. NGAURUHOE, THE 7515-FT. NEW ZEALAND VOLCANO, DURING ITS RECENT ERUPTION. (LEFT.) THE BROAD BLACK STRIPE OF THE LAVA FLOW CUTTING THROUGH THE SNOW.



*Continued.]* of steam intermingled with ash, and rumblings and sharp explosions could be heard. After a period of relative quiescence new violent eruptions broke out on June 30 in a series of continuous bursts and a constant rumbling from the crater. The north-west slope at this period was aglow with a seething lava flow to within 200 ft. of the base of the cone. Mt. Ngauruhoe, Mt. Tongariro (6458 ft.) and Mt. Ruapehu (9175 ft.) are the chief summits of this magnificent mountain National Park, which was given to New Zealand in 1887 by the chief of the Taupo Maoris, Te Heu Heu Tukino. It is a popular ski centre; and, in fact, the nearest dwelling to the eruption is the tourist hotel, Chateau Tongariro, about 12 miles from Mt. Ngauruhoe.

(LEFT.) THE SUMMIT OF MT. NGAURUHOE DURING WHAT IS THOUGHT TO BE ITS MOST VIOLENT ERUPTION THIS CENTURY. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN ONE OF THE SISTER SUMMITS OF THE TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK.



## FROM FAR AND NEAR: A SURVEY OF NEWS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



WRECKED AT GURNARDS HEAD, ABOUT SIX MILES FROM ST. IVES, IN CORNWALL: THE GERMAN SHIP *TRAUTE HARBOW*, 300 TONS, WHICH WENT ASHORE IN DENSE FOG ON JULY 26. THE CREW OF SIX WERE RESCUED BY BREECHES BUOY.



FISH WHICH ABOUND IN THE AMAZON AND MAY LEAD TO A NEW FISHERY ENTERPRISE IN BRAZIL: A FINE CATCH OF *PIRARUCU* SEEN AT MANAOS.

This photograph from Manaus, Brazil, shows a fine catch of *Pirarucu*. A special commission studying food development has come to the conclusion that these fish may prove a substitute for the large quantities of cod which the country has to import.



RIGHT ON THE NOSE: AN AIRCRAFT AFTER A TAKE-OFF ACCIDENT AT THE U.S. NAVAL AIR STATION AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA. THE PILOT (SEEN IN COCKPIT) WAS RESCUED UNINJURED.



A STRANGE-LOOKING CRAFT AT COWES: THE *TRION*, A "TRISCAPH YACHT," DESIGNED BY MR. H. M. BARKLA, A LECTURER AT EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY. IT'S ON THREE FLOATS AND HAS A REVOLVING MULTIPLE BOOM, ENABLING THE SAILS TO CATCH THE WIND FROM ANY DIRECTION.



A MONSTER OF THE DEEP: A 25-LB. LOBSTER, ONE OF SIXTEEN CAUGHT 200 MILES OUT IN THE ATLANTIC BY J. OLSON, OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS., AND BOUGHT FOR A LOBSTER HATCHERY, WHERE IT IS HOPED TO INTRODUCE A STRONG NEW STRAIN.



AT CRANWELL: GENERAL GRUENTHER PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR TO SENR. FLT. CADET STANNING. On July 27 General Gruenther, the Supreme Allied Commander Europe, was the inspecting officer at the passing-out parade at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Lincolnshire. He presented the sword of honour to the best cadet, Senior Flight Cadet P. H. Stanning.



SOON TO BE VACATED BY THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR: NASH HOUSES IN CUMBERLAND TERRACE, LONDON. Our photograph shows some of the Nash houses in Cumberland Terrace, adjoining Regent's Park, in London, twenty-two of which are soon to be vacated by the Ministry of Labour staff who have occupied them since 1949. The houses will revert to the Commissioners of Crown Lands.



A CHILD SURVIVOR OF THE BRITISH *SKYMASTER* SHOT DOWN OFF HAINAN ISLAND BY COMMUNIST CHINESE FIGHTER AIRCRAFT ON JULY 23: SIX-YEAR-OLD VALERIE PARRISH BEING CARRIED FROM A U.S. RESCUE AIRCRAFT IN HONG KONG. (Radio Photograph.)





IN SEARCH OF THE SUN: HAPPY HOLIDAYMAKERS WATCHING WATER SPORTS AT ONE OF THE SWIMMING POOLS OF THE S.S. CHUSAN, DURING ONE OF THE LINER'S SUMMER CRUISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The P. & O. liner *Chusan* (24,000 tons) was the largest passenger liner in the world to be completed during 1950, and was also the first big ship to be equipped with stabilising gear. Her maiden voyage—on the Europe-Far East service—began on July 1, 1950. In 1952 her funnel was successfully modified to prevent smoke and soot falling on deck; and in this photograph the modifying addition can be clearly seen. This summer she has been carrying out a number of successful cruises for the company; and this delightfully informal and evocative

photograph was taken during a three-weeks cruise, mainly in the Mediterranean, a cruise of 6906 miles at an average speed of 22 knots and with calls during which the passengers could land at Cadiz in Southern Spain, Malta, Mytilene in the Aegean, Istanbul, Salonika and Athens, Messina in Sicily, and Tunis in North Africa—thus visiting many countries, many peoples, several civilisations and a variety of warm climates—and all from the convenient and comfortable moving base of one of the most modern of luxury liners.

Photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by William Gordon Davis.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

HOW is one to present a novel of rare bouquet and confounding charm, both irresponsible and serious, highly involved, and yet superlatively episodic? In other words, "Under The Net," by Iris Murdoch (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), Short of telepathy, I don't quite know. Flavour can never be described; the story is too intricate to summarise, and for the cream of it—all the superb and separate moments—there would be no room anyhow. But since a start has to be made, why not with the narrator, actually the moving spirit? Jake Donaghue is thirty-odd, talented but idle. In theory, he writes; instead, he gets by on translation and the B.B.C. He has a corner in Jean Pierre Breteuil, whose "bad best-sellers" can be done at top speed with a vacant mind. In private life, he is a young man of unbridled though chaotic enterprise, and "shattered nerves." These last involve a flood of whisky at all hours, an unassuming satellite called Finn—because he can't bear solitude—and a niche in someone else's house, for the same reason. It avoids rent as well; but its great virtue is the cushioning effect. Only it has the drawback of impermanence. Always, in time, the latest cushion is removed, and Jake is once more "on the run."

Now it has happened yet again; Finn meets him ominously in the road, after a trip to France, with the announcement that "She's throwing us out." She, the warm-hearted Madge, everyone's notion of a pretty girl, is "going to get married to a fellow." Not even to an ordinary fellow—but to Sacred Sam, the diamond bookie. Jake had the first refusal, so he can't complain; but still, in every sense he is put out. His private universe has burst. Where could he go?

Perhaps to Dave: though Dave is a professional philosopher, therefore hard up. Also, he lives near Goldhawk Road. ("There are some parts of London which are necessary and others which are contingent. Everywhere west of Earls Court is contingent, except for a few places along the river.") Besides, he knows too many people; he is a focus of adoring youth—"all natural metaphysicians," as he says disgustedly. And anyhow he won't oblige. It was with Dave that I came in; and his obstruction is the jumping-off point. For after that, Finn suggests Anna Quentin. Which is of course impossible; Anna is long gone by, he has no thought of looking for her—and then he suddenly can't wait. One moment, Anna is the goal; and then again, it is the shaggy giant, Hugo Belfounder, who showed him all things new, and whom he cut out like a guilty thing surprised. Only the chase becomes a strange detour—embracing a night's pub-crawl round the City and a moonlight swim, the unwarranted theft of a dog-star, and a rendezvous in Paris, where he rejects a fortune, loses a barefoot Anna in the dark, and finds that Jean Pierre can be used no more. With that the cycle is complete. He has been duped all round—and it is time to begin anew.

But what I can't hope to suggest is the inventive wit, and the absorbingness at every turn. Only wholesale quotation would be adequate.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Sea Front," by Rachel Ferguson (Cape; 12s. 6d.), may be compared to a long stroll. It has no central character but Whitecliff, and starts with a conducted tour, including chitchat on its origin, bafflement at its choice of names (why Custance, Edmodham, or Moserlea?) and sprightly notes on its "accommodation." Then, having made the round, we pass on to the exodus: the sad September tokens, the departing crowd. And still there are no characters to speak of. As the trippers go, the lofty residents return. And these, too, have a groupish cast; it is their hallmark to ignore the sea, and say with horror of the visitors, "They use our drains." But now we make a few acquaintances: such as Miss Brewster the companion, Miss Perrin the débutante of Lebredee, well-meaning Mrs. Horseley, in pursuit of Time... and that attractive stranger, Mr. Greenhill. Not that it comes to very much. Whitecliff is still the theme; and the event is its experience as a forbidden area. No visitors: barbed wire on the deserted beach: bombs, spies, and other incidentals: a burst of helpfulness and hands across—and, after all, a swift and general resurgence of the *status quo*. It is not quite my style—I found it over-whimsical and snobbish; but it has great assurance and resource, and may be much enjoyed.

"The Feared and the Fearless," by Guthrie Wilson (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), should restore the balance. It is a gripping action-story, dominated by a single man—or rather a distorted superman. Faulkner was blown up in the desert, and woke months later, in an English hospital, without a past. Only he didn't care. He is content with his new face—the frightful scar, the great hole in the forehead, the hypnotic eyes. He won't be sent back to New Zealand. He is feared, and free; and he begins a new life as Il Brutto, working with the Italian partisans. As such, he becomes terrible and famous. No one can touch him at the job, though he is loathed by all, and his own British comrades are afraid to look at him. Only Maria Cresswell, the American, sees him as a pathetic Mr. Greatheart. Until the day of his recall—when she finds out, what everybody knew before, that he is raving mad. Then comes a tail-piece in New Zealand. For Brutto, "war is a necessity": he should by rights have died, but once again he has pulled through. The whole thing has a tense and virile quality, and the Italian action is first-rate.

"The Woman Who Was," by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.), is an experimental blend; one writer favours the "strict mystery," one holds with atmosphere and Simenon. Indeed the first scene, in the house at Nantes, with fog outside, the intermittent ship-lights and the gramophone music, has quite a Simenon effect. Indoors, Ravelin and his doctor-mistress are waiting for Mireille to turn up and be doped and drowned. Then Lucienne will buy a practice at Antibes with the insurance-money.

And all goes right, until the moment for "discovery." Then there is nothing to discover. Mireille was two days in the bath, yet she is still at large. And now the atmosphere has changed; it breathes a magic and caressing eeriness. Yet the "strict mystery"—what *could* have happened to Mireille—never lets go. And though the answer had to be far-fetched, it has decided power.

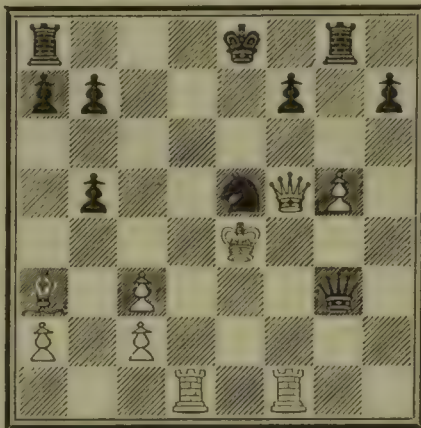
## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ZNOSKO-BOROVSKY made a serious attempt to assess all middle-game positions on the basis of an analysis of time, force and space. Capablanca tried to add "position." "A player," he said, "could have an advantage in material" (force); "command of more space and an advantage in time, yet be mated in two." He might just as well have questioned Znosko-Borovsky's whole presumption, that exact calculation can ever be supplanted by simple principles of play, in the vast majority of positions.

Look at this position from the Easter Congress at Ilford:

D. V. HOOPER (Black), to move.



R. PERSITZ (White).

White is a pawn down. Far more important—the thing which hits the eye of any experienced player at once—is the fact that his king is appallingly exposed. It is in a situation typical of the victim of a "mate in two" or "mate in three" problem. On general principles, his poor king's position *must* lose White the game. Exact analysis reveals, however, certain troubles for Black as well. His knight is attacked. To move it would allow Q×P mate. His own king cannot move...

By either 1... Q-Kt7ch or 1... Q-Kt5ch, Black could have kept the game very much alive, the point being that against either of these moves, 2. K×Kt? would lose the queen through 2... R×P (exact calculation!)

With his eyes fixed on that perilously exposed white king, Black proceeded to "augment his attack" by 1... R×P! There followed 2. Q-K6ch!! P×Q; 3. R-B8 and the game was over.

Just four moves, but what a world of instruction they hold!

Here is another little game, from this year's Rumanian championship, which swings entirely on exact calculation. On move fourteen, White's position is quite tidy. He had only failed to observe that his opponent's 14... Kt-Kt5 was playable, because 15. P×Kt fails against 15... Q×Pch and 16... Q×R. That spelt finis:

## PIRC'S DEFENCE.

ANDROTIU	GABRIEL	ANDROTIU	GABRIEL
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-Q3	10. B-Kt3	Kt-R4
2. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	11. Q-K3	B×Kt
3. Kt-QB3	P-KKt3	12. P×B	Q-R5
4. Kt-B3	B-Kt2	13. K-Kt2	P-KR3
5. B-QB4	Castles	14. Kt-Q5	Kt-Kt5!
6. Castles	Kt-B3	15. Q-K1	Q×RPch
7. Q-K2	B-Kt5	16. K-B1	Kt-K4
8. R-Q1	P-K4	17. K-K2	Q-Kt7
9. P×P	QKt×P		White resigns.

I AM, as I have pointed out before in these notes, an admirer of the historical writings of Mr. Brian Fitzgerald. He occupies, for example, a quite unique place as a historian of Ireland and the Irish. Now he breaks fresh ground with "Daniel Defoe" (Secker and Warburg; 18s.). I am not wholly sure that the experiment, interesting as it is, is a complete success. The trouble is that Mr. Fitzgerald identifies himself too closely with the hero of his tale. He adopts what the late Philip Guedalla once called "the faithful private secretary's style of biography." Not that the book is not written with the vigour, clarity and scholarship which we have come to expect from Mr. Fitzgerald. It is. But the truth of the matter is that the author of "Robinson Crusoe" was, on the whole, an unpleasant and in many ways a contemptible creature. He came of Puritan stock and betrayed all

the defects of a Puritan's qualities. Lecherous himself, he was prudish on behalf of other people. He would inveigh against the capitalists who were the mainstay of his beloved Whigs—and would do anything for money. He would lambast the Tories—and be their secret agent. Without turning a hair he would turn his coat—as he did when he became the tool and hireling hack pamphleteer of Harley. These were the defects of the man and they are no concern of those who admire the author of two of the greatest books in the English language, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Moll Flanders." Mr. Fitzgerald, however, is not content with apologising for Defoe. He insists on us admiring him both as a politician and as a man. There he and I part company. What one might be tempted to call straightforward hypocrisy he would have us admire as the workings of the non-conformist conscience. Where he wrote third-rate doggerel, or scribbled off the normal stock-in-trade of any political pamphleteer in any age, we are asked to marvel at Defoe the noble Radical statesman. Mr. Fitzgerald sees him as the H. G. Wells of his time. Perhaps he is right, but who now, so short a time after his death, pays the slightest regard to the political writings of H. G. Wells? By all means, as I say, let us pay our tribute to Defoe the author, as one must pay a tribute to Wells, the far-sighted novelist, but I see no reason why we should be forced even by the elegant and eloquent special pleading of Mr. Fitzgerald into admiring Defoe the man. Nevertheless, the special pleading is extremely well done and the book is an important contribution to the history of the turbulent, exciting, uncertain times of the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. Incidentally, as one who believes that if "the City" says something is likely to happen you are perfectly safe in counting on the very opposite occurring, and who regards the optimism of stockbrokers as being usually as groundless and foolish as their fears and apprehensions, I am greatly indebted to Mr. Fitzgerald for one quotation from Defoe's "Hymn to the Pillory." Speaking of stock-jobbers he says that they should

"Write in capitals upon the post,  
That here they should remain  
Till this enigma they explain;  
How Stocks should fall, when Sales summit the costs;  
And rise again when ships are lost."

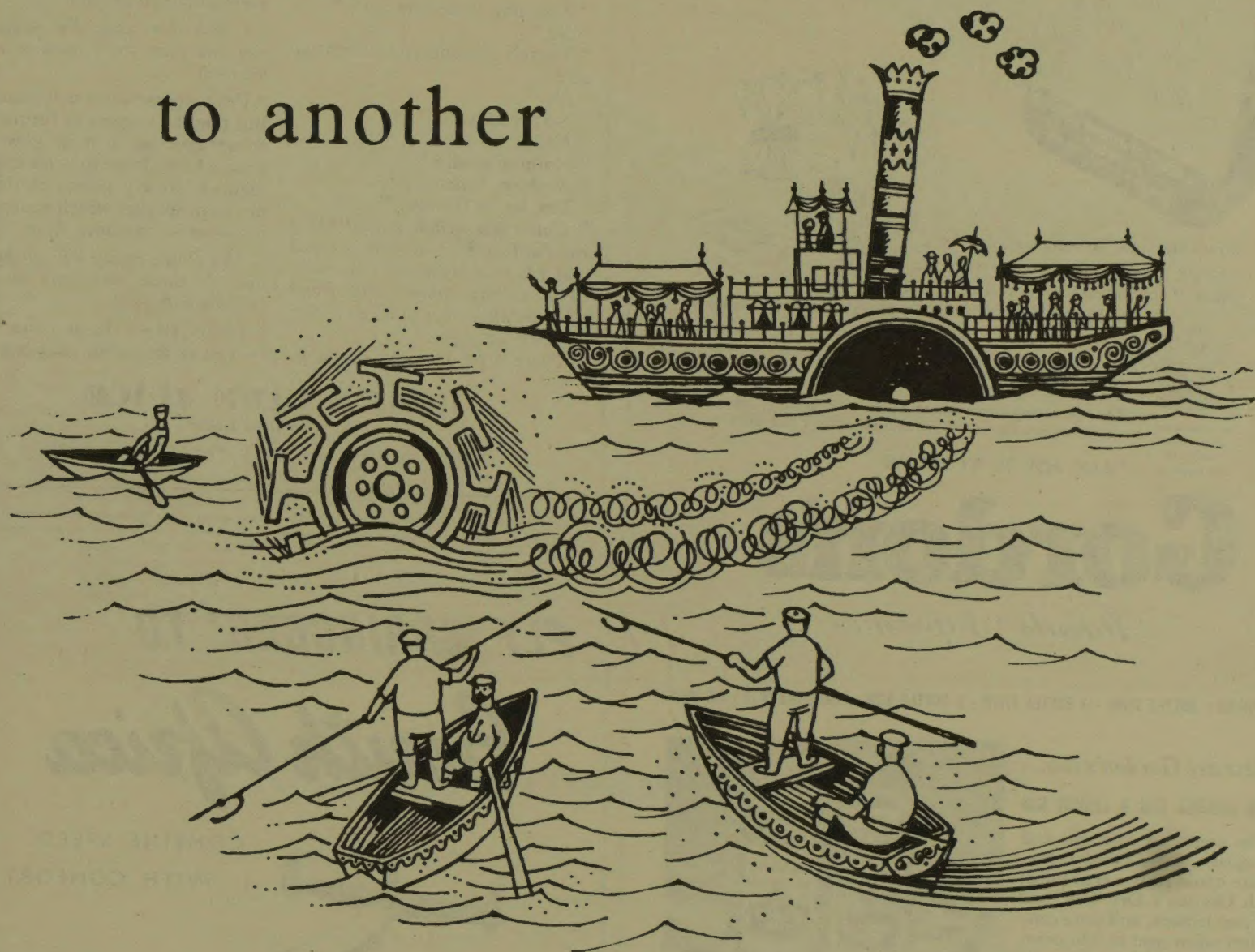
Another first-class book which is, however, a little spoiled by partisanship is Mr. V. S. Pritchett's "The Spanish Temper" (Chatto and Windus; 15s.). Few writers on Spain have got, more authentically, the feel of the country and its people. Mr. Pritchett tells us that he had not been to Spain since 1935, i.e., since the eve of the Civil War, and that in spite of his ideological dislike of the Franco régime, curiosity drew him back in 1951 and again in 1952. He found it "greatly changed on the surface, overrun by tourists in the show-places, poor in body, stunned in mind, but not as it seems to me, fundamentally changed." How right he is. If anyone succeeds in effecting a basic alteration in the Spanish character and the Spanish temperament he is going to be a very remarkable man indeed. Spain, as he points out, is not part of Europe. "There we learn our history upside down and see life exposed to the skin. Neither in France nor in Italy can one be so frankly frightened. All the hungers of life are blankly stated there. We see the primitive hungers we live by, and yet by a curious feat of stoicism, fatalism, and lethargy, the passions of human life are sceptically contained." Although Mr. Pritchett makes some curious and unnecessary factual mistakes, and although it is obviously a source of pain to him to have to admit any good in the present régime, he has nevertheless written what is on the whole a fair, temperate, and certainly a first-class book—and as far as politics are concerned let Mr. Pritchett himself have the last word: "Woe to the foreigner of any party who gets involved in the Spanish quarrel and who believes Spain is an extension of Europe."

Another book on Spain, this time by a Spaniard, which should be read in conjunction with Mr. Pritchett's, is "This is Spain," by Ignacio Olagüe (Cohen and West; 12s. 6d.). Señor Olagüe is a distinguished Spanish historian and writer. As a result the book, which might otherwise have been just another guide-book, is something much more—a Spaniard's interpretation of the country and the mind and heart of the Spaniard. Nevertheless, the guide-book part is valuable to any would-be traveller. Señor Olagüe has many happy suggestions as to where you should go, what you should see and what you should eat. He does not present these tit-bits of information separately, however, but as part of his main theme—the vivid and extraordinary country which is Spain. The book has an introduction by probably the greatest living British authority on Spain—Professor Walter Starkie, for the last fourteen years the brilliant and lovable director of the British Institute in Madrid.

Anglo-American relations are, unfortunately, at the moment slightly clouded by misunderstanding. I recommend as a cure for any anti-Americanism which may be felt by my readers a delightful book by a great American satirist. It is "The Second Tree From The Corner," by E. B. White (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.). Many of the essays and the poems in it have appeared at some time in the "New Yorker." They have the astringent flavour one expects from that publication which has achieved the remarkable feat, not merely of casting the American sense of humour in an entirely new mould, but of doing the same thing for our own!—E. D. O'BRIEN.



If it's a matter of how to  
fasten one thing  
to another



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# THIS is the Gin...



... FOR A  
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BY APPOINTMENT  
GIN DISTILLERS  
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And these are Gordon's too...

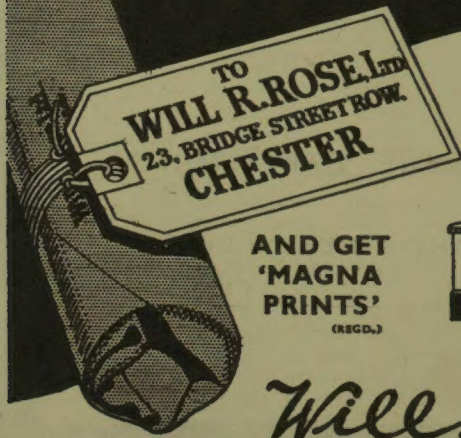
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## INVISIBLE IMPORTS

"Anything to declare, sir?"  
"No."  
"There's nothing you bought at all?"  
"No."  
"No presents?"  
"No."  
"Nothing at all?"  
"Nothing. Unless..."  
"Yes, sir — Unless?"  
"Unless you include a head like a rag football dredged from a canal and a taste in my mouth like smoke in a railway tunnel. Our Paris representative entertained me rather lavishly last night."  
"There is no duty, sir, on hang-

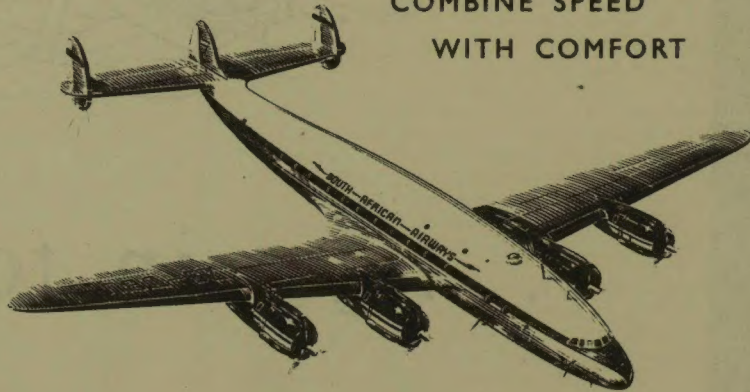
overs obtained abroad."  
"I wish there was, I'd refuse to pay and then you'd have to confiscate it."  
"I'm sorry we can't help you, sir. But might I suggest in future the advantages of a long glass of Rose's Lime Juice to wind up late nights? Rose's possesses therapeutic properties which neutralise the — er — morning after."  
"This Rose's really kills off hang-overs? Have they any in the Station buffet?"  
"Plenty, sir — Hi, sir, come back — you've forgotten your bag."

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## EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES



THE Arms illustrated are those of the Borough of Wimbledon. The double-headed eagle is symbolical of Julius Caesar and of the battle fought by him on Wimbledon Common. Signifying the Crown association with Wimbledon is the golden rose (an old royal badge). From the Arms of Lord Spencer, the present Lord of the Manor, comes the golden fret, while the gold and azure border of the shield is from the Arms of the Earls of Surrey. The garb or wheatsheaf is from the Arms of the Cecil family, one of whom was Lord Wimbledon, Lord of the Manor. The Cornish choughs are from the Arms of Thomas Cromwell, a former Lord of the Manor.

"Sine Labe Decus" — the motto — means "Honour without Blemish". The heraldic description reads: "Argent a double-headed eagle displayed Sable armed and legged Gules on the dexter wing a rose and on the sinister a fret Or a bordure compony Or and Azure and for the Crest issuant from a mural crown a garb supported on either side by a Cornish chough all proper."

*The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality, providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.*



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